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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Warning for Fair Women

Date of the first known Edition 1599

(From the Dyce Collection at S. Kensington)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Warning for Fair Women

1599

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.269078

A Warning for Fair Women

1599

This play is reproduced from an original now in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. There is another example in the Bodleian at Oxford.

There have been no less than four reprints of this play in modern times, a fact due no doubt to its being a member of the class described as "domestic tragedy," the most notable examples being "Arden of Feversham" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy." Yarrington's "Two Tragedies in One" was another; this is on the eve of publication in the present series. Others there were of the same class, but non-extant.

Entered on the Stationers' Registers, Nov. 17th, 1599, this play was issued the same year, and was probably written 1589-90.

There is no indication, nor has any tradition descended, as to who was the author. Without reasonable grounds, according to modern standards of criticism, John Lyly, Thomas Lodge and Thomas Kyd have each been suggested: the last-named has probably the best claim.

Mr. A. F. Hopkinson's monograph will be found of interest and value to students.

The reproduction from the original calls for no special comment.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A WARNING for Faire Women.

Containing,

The moſt tragicall and lamentable mur-
ther of Maſter George Sanders of London
Marchant, nigh Shooters hill.

Conſented vnto
By his owne wife, acted by M. Browne, Miſtris
Drewry and Truſty Roger agents therin:
with their ſeuerall ends.

As it hath beene lately diuerſe times acted by the right
Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruantes.

Printed at London by *Valentine Sims* for *William Aſpley*
1599.

A warning for faire *Women.*

Enter at one doore, Hystorie with Drum and Ensigne: Tragedie at another, in her one hand a whip, in the other hand a knife.

Tragedie.

Whither away so fast? peace with that drum:
Downe with that Ensigne which disturbs our (stage
out with this luggage, with this fopperie,
This brawling sheepeskin is intollerable.
Hyst. Indéed no maruel though we should giue (place
Unto a common executioner:
Roome, roome for Gods sake, let vs stand away,
Oh we shall haue some doughtie stuffe to day.

Enter Comedie at the other end.

Tra. What yet more Cats guts? O this filthie sound
Stifles mine eares:
More cartwheeles craking yet?
A plague vpont, Ile cut your fiddle strings,
If you stand scraping thus to anger me.
Com. Gup mistris buskins with a whirligig, are you so tuchie?
Madam Melpomine, whose mare is dead
That you are going to take off her skine
Tra. A plague vpon these filthie fidling trickes,
Able to poyson any noble wit:

Auoid the ſtage or Ile whip you hence.
Com. Indeed thou maiſt, for thou art Murthers Beadle,
The common hangman vnto Tyrannie.
But Hyſtorie, what all three met at once?
What wonder's towards that we are got togither?
Hyſt. My meaning was to haue beene here to day,
But meeting with my Ladie Tragedie,
She ſcoulds me off:
And Comedie, except thou canſt preuaile,
I thinke ſhe meanes to baniſh vs the ſtage.
Com. Tut, tut, ſhe cannot: ſhe may for a day
Or two perhaps be had in ſome requeſt,
But once a weeke if we do not appeere,
She ſhall find few that will attend her heere.
Trag. I muſt confeſſe you haue ſome ſparkes of wit,
Some odde ends of old ieaſts ſcrap't vp togither,
To tickle ſhallow iniudiciall eares,
Perhaps ſome puling paſſion of a louer, but ſlight & childiſh,
What is this to me?
I muſt haue paſſions that muſt moue the ſoule,
Make the heart heaue, and throb within the boſome,
Extorting teares out of the ſtricteſt eyes,
To racke a thought and ſtraine it to his ſoome,
Vntill I rap the ſences from their courſe,
This is my office.
Com. How ſome damnd tyrant, to obtaine a crowne,
Stabs, hangs, impoyſons, ſmothers, cutteth throats,
And then a Chorus too comes howling in,
And tels vs of the worrying of a cat,
Then of a filthie whining ghoſt,
Lapt in ſome fowle ſheete, or a leather pelch,
Comes ſhreaming like a pigge halfe ſticke,
And cries Vindicta, reuenge, reuenge:
With that a little Roſen flaſheth forth,
Like ſmoke out of a Tabacco pipe, or a boyes ſquib:
Then comes in two or three like to drouers,

With

With taylers bodkins, ſtabbing one another,
Is not this trim? is not here goodly things?
That you ſhould be ſo much accounted of,
I would not elſe.

Hyſt. Now before God thou'lt make her mad anone,
Thy ieaſts are like a Whipe vnto a ſcould.

Com. Why ſay I could: what care I Hyſtorie?
Then ſhall we haue a tragedie indeed:
Pure purple Buſkin, blood and murther right.

Trag. Thus with your looſe and idle ſimilies,
You haue abuſde me: but Ile whip you hence, *She whips them.*
Ile ſcourge and laſh you both from off the ſtage,
T'is you haue kept the Theatres ſo long,
Painted in play-bils, vpon euery poaſt,
That I am ſcorned of the multitude,
My name prophande: but now Ile raigne as Queene
In great Apollos name and all the Muſes,
By vertue of whoſe Godhead I am ſent,
I charge you to be gone and leaue this place.

Hyſt. Looke Comedie, I markt it not till now,
The ſtage is hung with blacke: and I perceiue
The Auditors prepard for Tragedie.

Com. Nay then I ſee ſhe ſhall be intertain'd,
Theſe ornaments beſeeme not thee and me,
Then Tragedie, kil them to day with ſorrow,
Wee'l make them laugh with mirthfull ieaſts to morrow.

Hyſt. And Tragedie although to day thou raigne,
To morrow here Ile domineere againe. *Exeunt.*

Turning to the people.

Tra. Are you both gone ſo ſone? why then I ſee
All this faire circuite here is left to me:
All you ſpectators, turne your chearfull eie,
Giue intertainment vnto Tragedie,
My Sceane is London, native and your owne,
I ſigh to thinke, my ſubiect to well knowne,
I am not faind: many now in this round,

Once to behold me in ſad teares were drowned,
Yet what I am, I will not let you know,
Vntill my next enſuing ſceane ſhal ſhow.

Enter Sanders, Anne Sand: Drurie, Browne, Roger and maſter Sand: ſeruant.

Sand. Gentleman, here muſt we take our leaue,
Thanking you for your curteous companie,
And for your good diſcourſe of Ireland,
Whereas it ſæmes you haue bæne reſident,
By your well noting the particulars.
Browne. True ſir, I haue bæne there familiar,
And am no better knowne in London here,
Than I am there vnto the better ſort,
Chiefely in Dublin where ye heard me ſay,
Are as great feaſts as this we had to day.
Sand. So haue I heard, the land giues good increaſe,
Of euerie bleſſing for the vſe of man,
And t'is great pittie the inhabitants,
Will not be ciuil, nor liue vnder law.
Browne. As ciuil in the Engliſh pale as here,
And lawes obeide, and orders duly kept,
And al the reſt may one daie be reduced.
Sand. God grant it ſo: I praie you whats your name?
Browne. My name's George Browne.
Sand. God be with ye good maſter Browne.
Browne. Manie farewells maſter Sanders to your ſelfe,
and to theſe Gentlewomen: Ladies, God be with you.
Anne San. God be with ye ſir.
Dru. Thanks for your companie,
I like your talk of Ireland ſo wel
That I could wiſh time had not cut it off,
I pray ye ſir if ye come nære my houſe
Call, and you ſhal be welcome maſter Browne.
Browne. I thanke ye miſtris Drurie: is't not ſo?
Dru. My name is Anne Drurie.

San.

Sand. Widow, come, will ye go?
Dru. Ile waite vpon you ſir.

Exeunt Sanders. A. San. makes a curteſie and departs, and all the reſt ſauing Roger, whom Browne calles.

Bro. Hearke ye, my friend,
Are not you ſeruant vnto miſtres *Drurie*?
Rog. Yes indeed forſooth, for fault of a better,
I haue ſeru'd her (man and boy) this ſeuen yeeres.
Bro. I pray thee do me a peece of fauour thou,
And Ile requite it.
Rog. Any thing I can.
Bro. Entreate thy miſtres when ſhe takes her leaue,
Of maiſter Sanders and his wife, to make retire
Hither againe, for I will ſpeake with her.
Wilt thou do't for me?
Rog. Yea ſir that I will.
Where ſhal ſhe finde yee?
Bro. Ile not ſtirre from hence:
Say I intreate her but a worde or two,
She ſhall not ſtay longer then likes her ſelfe.
Rog. Nay ſir for that as you two can agree,
Ile warrant you ile bring her to ye ſtraight. *Exit Roger.*
Bro. Straight or crooked, I muſt needes ſpeake with her,
For by this light my heart is not my owne,
But taken priſoner at this frolicke feaſt,
Intangled in a net of golden wiar,
Which loue had ſlily laid in her faire lookes.
O maiſter Sanders th'art a happie man,
To haue ſo ſweet a creature to thy wife,
Whom I muſt winne, or I muſt loſe my life,
But if ſhe be as modeſt as ſhe ſeemes,
Thy heart may breake George *Browne* ere thou obtaine.
This miſtres *Drurie* muſt be made the meane,
What ere it coſt to compaſſe my deſire,
And I hope wel, ſhe doth ſo ſoone retire. *Enter Roger and Drurie.*

God miſtris Drurie pardon this bold part
That I haue plaid vpon ſo ſmall acquaintance,
To ſend for you, let your good nature hide
The blame of my bad nurture for this once.
Dru. I take it for a fauour maſter Browne,
And no offence, a man of your faire parts,
Will ſend for me to ſteede him anie way.
Rog. Sir, ye ſhall find my miſtris as curteous a gentlewoman, as any is in London, if ye haue occaſion to vſe her. ——take her aſide,
Bro. So I preſume friend, miſtris by your leaue,
I would not that your man ſhould heare our ſpeech,
For it concernes me much it be conceald.
Dru. I hope it is no treaſon you will ſpeake.
Bro. No by my faith, nor felonie.
Dru. Nay then, though my man Roger heare it, neuer care
If it be loue, or ſecrets due to that,
Roger is truſtie I dare pawne my life,
As anie fellow within London walles,
But if you haue ſome ſecret maladie,
That craues my helpe, to vſe my ſurgerie,
Which though I ſay't is preitie: he ſhall hence,
If not, be bold to ſpeake, there's no offence.
Bro. I haue no ſore, but a new inward griefe,
Which by your phiſicke may find ſome reliefe.
Dru. What, is't a ſurfet?
Bro. I, at this late feaſt.
Dru. Why, *Aqua cæleſtis*, or the water of balme,
Or *Roſa ſolis*, or that of Doctour Steeuens
Will helpe a ſurfeit. Now I remember me,
Miſtris Sanders hath a ſoueraigne thing,
To help a ſodaine ſurfeit preſently.
Bro. I thinke ſhe haue: how ſhal I compaſſe it?
Dru. Ile ſend my man for ſome on't.
Bro. Pray ye ſtay.
Whæle neuer ſend that which will do me good.

Dru.

Drewry O ſay not ſo, for then ye know her not.
Browne I would I did ſo well as I could wiſh —aſide.
Drewry Shees euen as curteous a gentlewoman ſir,
As kind a peate, as London can affoꝛd:
Not ſend it quoth a: yes and bꝛing't herſelfe,
If neede require: a poꝛe woman tother day,
Her water-bearers wife, had ſurfeted
With eating beanes (ye know tis windy meate)
And the poꝛe creature's ſubiect to the ſtone:
She went her ſelfe, and gaue her but a dꝛamme,
It help her ſtrait, in leſſe than halfe an houre
She fell vnto her buſines till ſhe ſweat,
And was as well as I am now.
Browne But that which helps a woman helps not me,
A womans help will rather do me gwd.
Dru. I faith I ha found you, are ye ſuch one?
Well Maiſter Browne, I warrant, let you alone.
Browne But Miſtris Drewry, leaue me not yet alone,
Foꝛ if ye do, I neuer ſhall alone
Obtaine the company that my ſoule deſires:
Faith tell me one thing, can ye not do much
With Miſtris Sanders, are you not inward with her?
Drewry I dare pꝛeſume to do as much with her,
As any woman in this cittie can.
Browne Whats your opinion of her honeſty?
Drewry O very honeſt, very chaſte yfaith,
I will not wꝛong her foꝛ a thouſand pound.
Browne When all your phyſicke can not cure my wound.
Drewry Your wound is loue, is that your ſurfeit ſir?
Browne Yea, and tis cureleſſe without helpe of her.
Drewry I am very ſoꝛie that I cannot eaſe yee,
Browne Well, if you can, yfaith I will well pleaſe ye.
Drewry You weare a pꝛetty turkeſſe there me thinkes,
I would I had the fellow on't.
Browne Take ye this,
Upon condition to effect my bliſſe.

Dru. Pardon me that ſir, no condition,
For that griefe I am no phiſition,
Now ſaiſt thou Roger, am I?

Ro. Yes forſooth miſtris, what? what did ye aſke?

Dru. This gentleman's in loue
With miſtris Sanders, and would haue me ſpeake
In his behalfe, how ſaiſt thou, dare I do't,
And ſhe ſo honeſt, wiſe and vertuous?

Bro. What meane ye miſtris Drurie to bewray,
Vnto your man, what I in ſecret ſpake?

Dru. Tuſh, feare not you, tis truſtie Roger this,
I vſe his counſell in as deepe affaires,
How ſaiſt thou Hodge?

Rog. Miſtris, this ſay I: though miſtris Sanders be very honeſt, as in my conſcience ſhe is, and her huſband wiſe and ſuttle, and in al Belinſgate-ward not a kinder couple, yet if you wold wrong her huſband your deere frind, me thinks ye haue ſuch a ſweete tongue, as wil ſupple a ſtone, and for my life, if ye liſt to labour, youle win her. Sir ſticke cloſe to my miſtris, ſhe is ſtudying the law: and if ye be not ſtraite laced ye know my mind, cheele do it for ye, and ile play my part.

Bro. Here Mi. Drurie this ſame ring is yours,

Giues her a Ring.

Wear't for my ſake, and if ye do me good,
Command this chaine, this hand, and this heart blood,
What ſay ye to me? ſpeake a chereful word.

Rog. Faith miſtris do, hees a fine gentleman,
Pittie he ſhould languiſh for a little loue.

Dru. Yea but thou knoweſt they are both my friends,
Hee's very wiſe, ſhe verie circumſpect,
Verie reſpective of her honeſt name.

Rog. If ye liſt you can couer as great a blame.

Dru. If I ſhould breake it, and ſhe take it il.

Rog. Tut, you haue cunning, pray ye vſe your ſkil:
To her maſter Browne.

Bro. What ſay ye to me Ladie?

Dru.

Dru. This I ſay.
I can not make a man, to caſt away
So godly a creature as your ſelfe, were ſinne:
Second my onſet, for I wil begin
To breake the ice that you may paſſe the forde,
Do your good wil, you ſhal haue my good word.
Bro. But how ſhal I haue opportunitie?
Dru. That muſt be watch'd, but verie ſecretly.
Bro. How? at her houſe?
Dru. There ye may not enter.
Bro. How then?
Dru. By ſome other fine aduenture,
Watch when her huſband goes to the Exchange,
Shé'l ſit at doore: to her though ſhe be ſtrange,
Spare not to ſpeake, ye can but be denide,
Women loue moſt, by whom they are moſt tride,
My man ſhal watch, and I wil watch my turne,
I can not ſée ſo faire a Gallant mourne.
Bro. Ye bleſſe my ſoule by ſhewing me the waie,
O miſtris Drurie, if I do obtaine,
Do but imagine how ile quit your paine,
But where's her houſe?
Dru. Againſt S. Dunſtones church.
Bro. S. Dunſtones in Fléetſtréete?
Dru. No, néere Belinſgate,
S. Dunſtones in the Eaſt, thats in the Weſt,
Be bold to ſpeake for I wil do my beſt.
Bro. Thanks miſtris Drurie, Roger drink you that,
And as I ſpéede erpect your recompence.
Rog. I thanke ye ſir, nay ile gage my hand,
Few women can my miſtris force withſtand.
Dru. Sir, this is all ye haue to ſay?
Bro. For this time miſtris Drurie we wil part.
Winne miſtris Sanders, and ye winne my heart.
Dru. Hope you the beſt, ſhe ſhal haue much adoe,
To hold her own when I begin to woe: come Hodge. Exit.

Rog. I truſt ſir when my miſtris has obtaind your ſuit,
You le ſute me in a caſt ſute of your apparell.
Browne. Caſt and vncaſt ſhal truſtie Roger haue,
If thou be ſecret, and an honeſt knaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Anne Sanders with her little ſonne, and ſit at her doore.

Boy. Praie ye mother when ſhal we goe to ſupper?
Anne Why, when your father comes from the Exchange,
Ye are not hungrie ſince ye came from ſchoole.
Boy. Not hungrie (mother,) but I would faine eate.
Anne. Forbeare a while vntil your father come,
I ſit here to expect his quicke returne.
Boy. Mother, ſhal not I haue new bow and ſhafts,
Againſt our ſchole go a feaſting?
Anne. Yes if ye learn,
And againſt Eaſter new apparel too.
Boy. Youle lend me al your ſcarfes, and al your rings,
And buy me a white feather for my veluet cappe,
Wil ye mother? yea ſay, praie ye ſay ſo.
Anne. Goe prattling boy, go bid your ſiſter ſee
My Cloſet lockt when ſhe takes out the fruite.
Boy. I wil forſooth, and take ſome for my paines. *Exit Boy*
Anne. Wel ſir ſauce, do's your maſter teach ye that?
I praie God bleſſe thee, thart a verie wagge.

Enter Browne.

Browne. Yonder ſhe ſits to light this obſcure ſtréte,
Like a bright diamond worne in ſome darke place,
Or like the mone in a blacke winters night,
To comfort wandring trauellers in their waie,
But ſo demure, ſo modeſt are her lokes,
So chaſte her eies, ſo vertuous her aſpect,
As do repulſe loues falſe Artilerie;
Yet muſt I ſpeake though checkt with ſcornful nay,
Deſire drawes on, but Reaſon bids me ſtaie,
My Lutreſſe Drurie gaue me charge to ſpeake:

And

And ſpeake I muſt, or els my heart wil breake.
God ſaue ye miſtris Sanders, al alone?
Sit ye to take the view of paſſengers?
Anne. No in good ſoth ſir, I giue ſmal regard
Who comes, or goes, my huſband I attend,
Whoſe comming will be ſpæde from th Exchange.
Bro. A good exchange made he for ſingle life,
That ioynde in marryage with ſo ſweete a wife.
Anne. Come ye to ſpeake with maiſter Sanders ſir?
Bro. Why aſke ye that?
Anne. Becauſe ye make a ſtaie,
Here at his doore.
Bro. I ſtaie in curteſie,
To giue you thankes for your laſt companie,
I hope my kind ſalute doth not offend?
Anne. No ſir, and yet ſuch vnexpected kindneſſe,
is like herb Iohn in broth.
Bro. I praie ye how's that?
Anne. T'may euen as wel be laid aſide as vſde,
If ye haue buſineſſe with my huſband ſir,
Y'are welcome, otherwiſe Ile take my leaue.
Bro. May gentle miſtris, let not my acceſſe
Be meanes to driue you from your doore ſo ſone:
I would be loath to preiudice your pleaſure,
For my good liking at the feaſt conceiu'd,
If maiſter Sanders ſhal haue cauſe to vſe,
The fauour of ſome noble perſonage,
Let him implore no other but George Browne,
T'effect his ſute without a recompence,
I ſpeake I know not what, my tongue and heart,
Are ſo diuided through the force of Loue. ——aſide
Anne. I thanke ye ſir, but if he haue ſuch cauſe,
I hope hées not ſo voide of friends in Court,
But he may ſpæde and neuer trouble you,
Yet I wil do your errand if ye pleaſe.
Bro. Euen as't pleaſe you: I doubt I trouble ye.

Anne Reſolue your doubt, and trouble me no more.
Bro. Will neuer be: I thought as much before.
God be with you Miſtris.
Anne Fare ye wel, good ſir.
Bro. Ile to Nan Drewry yet, and talke with her. *Exit.*
Anne Theſe arrand-making Gallants are good men,
That cannot paſſe and ſee a woman ſit
Of any ſort, alone at any doore,
But they will find a ſcuſe to ſtand and prate,
Fooles that they are to bite at euery baite.
Enter Sanders.
Here he comes now whom I haue lookte for long.
San. How now ſweet Nan, ſtill thou here all alone?
Anne Better alone, than haue bad company.
Sand. I truſt there's none but good reſorts to thee.
Anne There ſhall not ſir, if I know what they be:
Ye haue ſtaide late ſir at th'Exchange to night.
Sand. Vpon occaſion Nan, is ſupper ready?
Anne An houre agoe.
Sanders And what good company?
None to ſup with vs: Send one for Nan Drewry,
Shee'le play the wagge, tell tales, and make vs merrie.
Anne I thinke th'as ſupt, but one ſhall run and looke:
If your meate be marrde, blame your ſelfe, not the cooke.
Sand. How ere it be, wee'le take it in good part
For once and ble it not, come, lets in ſweet heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anne Drewry, and Truſty Roger her man, to them Browne.

Dru. Roger come hither, was there no meſſenger
This day from maiſter Browne to ſpeake with me?
Roger Miſtris, not any, and that I maruell at:
But I can tell you, he muſt come and ſend,
And be no niggard of his purſe beſide,
Or elſe I know how it will go with him:
Ye muſt not thinke to anker where he hopes,

Vnleſſe

Unleſſe you be his pylot.
Dru. Where is that?
The fellow talkes and prates he knowes not what,
I be his pylot? whither? canſt thou tell?
The cauſe he doth frequent my houſe thou ſeeſt,
Is for the loue he beares vnto my daughter.
Rog. A verie good cloake miſtres for the raine,
And therein I muſt needes commend your wit,
Cloſe dealing is the ſafeſt: by that meanes
The world will be the leſſe ſuſpicious:
For whileſt t'is thought he doth affect your daughter,
Who can ſuſpect his loue to miſtris Sanders?
Dru. Why now thou art as I would haue thee be
Conceited, and of quicke capacitie,
Some heauie drawlatch would haue bin this moneth,
(Though hourlie I had inſtructed him)
Before he could haue found my policie.
But Hodge, thou art my hearts interpreter,
And be thou ſecret ſtill, as thou haſt beene,
And doubt not but weele all gaine by the match:
George Browne as thou knoweſt is well reckond of.
A proper man and hath good ſtore of coine,
And miſtres Sanders ſhe is yong and faire,
And may be tempred eaſily like ware.
Eſpecially by one that is familiar with her.
Rog. True miſtres, nor is ſhe the firſt by many,
That you haue wonne to ſtoope vnto the lewre,
It is your trade, your liuing, what needs more?
Diue you the bargain, I will keepe the ſore.
Dru. Truſtie Roger, thou wel deſerueſt thy name,
Rog. But miſtris, ſhal I tell you what I thinke?
Dru. Yes Hodge, what ift?
Rog. If you'le be ruld by me,
Let them pay well for what you vndertake:
Be not a ſpokeſwoman miſtres for none of them,
But be the better for it: times will change,

And

And there's no truſting to vncertainties.

Dru. Doſt thinke I will then beg me for a ſole,
The money I will finger twixt them twaine
Shall make my daughter ſuch a dowzie,
As I will match her better then with *Browne*,
To ſome rich Atturney, or Gentleman:
Let me alone, if they inioy their pleaſure,
My ſweete ſhalbe to ſæde vpon their treaſure.

Rog. Hold you there miſtres: here comes maſt. *Browne*.

Bro. God morrow miſtres *Drurie*. *Enter Browne.*

Dru. What maiſter *Browne*,
Now by my faith you are the very laſt man
We talkt of: y'are welcome ſir, how do you?
And how ſpæde you concerning that you wot of?

Roger Miſtres, ile voyd the place, if ſo you pleaſe.
And giue you leaue in priuate to conferr.

Browne Whither goes Roger? call him backe againe.

Dru. Come hither ſirra, M. Browne will haue you ſtay.

Bro. Why how now Roger: will you ſhrinke from me?
Becauſe I ſaw you not, do you ſuppoſe
I make no reckoning of your company.
What man? thy truſt is it I build vpon.

Roger I thanke you ſir: nay pray you be not offended,
I would be loath to ſeeme vnmannerly.

Bro. But a figs end: thy councell will do well,
And we muſt vſe thée, therefore tarry here,
I haue no other ſecret to reueale,
But onely this, that I haue broke the ice,
And made an entrance to my loues purſute:
Sweete miſtris Sanders that choice argument
Of all perfection, ſitting at her doore
Euen now I did ſalute: ſome words there paſt,
But nothing to the purpoſe, neither time,
Nor place conſorted to my minde: beſide,
Recourſe of ſeruants, and of paſſengers
Might haue beene iealous of our conference:

And

And therefore I refraind all large diſcourſe,
Only thus much I gatherd by her ſpeech,
That ſhe is affable,not coy,nor ſcornfull,
And may be wunne,would you but be intreated
To be a mediator for me,and perſwade her.
Rog. I pray you do ſo miſtres,you do know
That maiſter Brown's an honeſt gentleman,
And I dare ſweare will recompence you well.
Bro. If ſhe doe miſtruſt me,there's my purſe,
And in the ſame ten angels of good gold,
And when I can but haue acceſſe to her,
And am in any poſſibilitie
To winne her fauour,chalenge of me more,
A hundred pound in marriage with your daughter.
Dru. Alas how dare I maiſter Browne? her huſband
Is one that I am much beholding to,
A man both louing,bountifull and iuſt,
And to his wife,in all this cittie, none
More kinde,more loyall harted,or more firme,
What ſinne were it to doe him then that wrong?
Bro. Oh ſpeake not of his worth, but of her praiſe,
If ſhe be firme,ſhees faire,if ſhe bountifull,
Shees beautifull,if ſhe loyall,ſhees louely,
If ſhe, in all the Cittie for a man
Be the moſt abſolute; ſhe, in all the world
Is for a woman the moſt excellent:
Oh earth hath ſeldome ſuch a creature ſeene:
Nor ſubiect bin poſſeſt with ſuch a loue.
Rog. Miſtris, can you heare this,and not be mou'd?
I would it lay in me to helpe you ſir,
I faith you ſhould not need ſo many words.
Bro. I know that, thou haſt alwayes beene my friend,
And though I neuer ſee Anne Sanders more,
Yet for my ſake drinke this: and miſtres Drewrie,
England I muſt be forſt to bid farewell,
Or ſhortly looke to heare that I am dead,

Vnleſſe I may preuaile to get her loue.
Rog. God miſtres leaue your dumps, and ſpeake to him.
You need not ſtudie ſo, t is no ſuch labour:
Alas, wil you ſee a gentleman caſt away?
All is but George, I pray you let be done.
Dru. Well maiſter Browne, not for your monies ſake
So much, as in regard I loue you well,
Am I content to be your Orator,
Miſtres Sanders ſhall be certified,
How feruently you loue her, and withal,
Some other words Ile vſe in your behalfe,
As you ſhal haue acceſſe to her at leaſt.
Bro. I aſke no more, when will you vndertake it?
Dru. This day, it ſhall no longer be defer'd.
And in the euening you ſhal know an anſwere.
Bro. Here at your houſe?
Dru. Yea here if ſo you pleaſe.
Bro. No better place, I reſt vpon your promiſe:
So fare well miſtreſſe Druriet till that houre,
What ſweet can earth afford will not ſeeme ſowre.
Dru. Hee's ſped yfayth: come Roger let vs go,
Ill is the wind doth no man profite blow.
Rog I ſhall not be the worſe for it, that I know. *Exeunt.*

Enter maiſter Sanders and his man.

San. Sirra, what bils of debt are due to me?
Man. All that were due ſir as this day, are paid.
San. You haue inough then to diſcharge the bond
Of maiſter Aſhmores fiftéene hundred pound,
That muſt be tendred on the Exchange to night?
Man. With that which maiſter Biſhop owes, we haue.
San. When is his time to pay?
Man. This after noone.
San. Hee's a iuſt man, thou needſt not doubt of him.
In any caſe take heed vnto my credite,
I doe not vſe (thou knoweſt) to breake my word,
Much leſſe my bond: I pre thee looke vnto it,

And

And when as maſter Biſhop ſends his money,
Bring the whole ſumme: ile be vpon the Purſe,
Or if I be not, thou canſt take a quittance.
Man. What ſhall I ſay vnto my miſtres, ſir?
She bade me tell out thirtie pounds euen now,
She meant to haue beſtowed in linnen cloath.
San. She muſt deferre her market till to morrow,
I know no other ſhift: my great affaires
Muſt not be hindred by ſuch trifling wares.
Man. She told me ſir the Draper would be here,
And George the Milliner with other things,
Which ſhe appointed ſhould be brought her home.
San. All's one for that, another time ſhall ſerue,
Nor is there any ſuch neceſſitie,
But ſhe may verie well forbeare a while.
Man. She will not ſo be anſwered at my hand.
San. Tell her I did command it ſhould be ſo. *Exit.*
Man. Your pleaſure ſhalbe done ſir, though thereby
Tis I am like to beare the blame away.

Enter Anne Sanders, miſtres Drurie, a Draper and a Miliner.

Anne. Come neare I pray you, I doe like your linnen, and you ſhall haue your price: but you my friend, the gloues you ſhewed me, and the Italian purſe are both well made. and I doe like the faſhion, but truſt me, the perfume I am afraide will not continue, yet vpon your word ile haue them to. Sirra where is your Maiſter?
Man. Forſooth hee's gone to th' Exchange euen now.
Anne. Haue you the mony ready which I cald for?
Man. No, if it pleaſe you, my maſter gaue me charge I ſhould deliuer none.
Anne. Howes that ſir knaue?
Your maſter charged you ſhould deliuer none?
Go to, diſpatch and fetch me thirtie pound,

Or I will ſend my fingers to your lips.

Drewry Good fortune, thus incenſt againſt her huſband,
I ſhal the better breake with her for Browne. —— aſide.

Man I praie you miſtris pacifie your ſelfe,
I dare not do it.

Anne. You dare not, and why ſo?

Man. Becauſe there's money to be paide to night,
Upon an obligation.

Anne. What of that?
Therefore I may not haue to ſerue my turne,

Man In deede forſooth there is not in the houſe,
As yet ſufficient to diſcharge that debt.

Anne. Tis wel that I muſt ſtand at your reuerſion,
Intreat my prentiſe, curteſie to my man:
And he muſt be purſe-bearer, when I neede,
This was not wont to be your maſters order.

Drewry No, Ile be ſworne of that: I neuer knew,
But that you had at al times miſtris Sanders,
A greater ſumme than that at a commaund,
Mary perhaps the world may now be chang'd.

Man. Feede not my miſtris anger, miſtris Drewry,
You do not well: to morrow if ſhe lift,
It is not twice ſo much but ſhe may haue it.

Anne. So that my breach of credite, in the while
Is not regarded: I haue brought theſe men,
To haue their mony for ſuch neceſſaries,
As I haue bought, and they haue honeſtly
Deliuered to my hands, and now forſooth,
I muſt be thought ſo bare and beggarly,
As they muſt be put of vntil to morrow.

1 Good miſtris Sanders trouble not your ſelfe,
If that be all, your word ſhalbe ſufficient,
Were it for thrice the value of my ware.

2 And truſt me miſtris you ſhal do me wrong,
If otherwiſe you do conceit of me,
Be it for a weeke, a fortnight, or a month,

Or when you will, I neuer would deſire
Better ſecuritie for all I am worth.
Anne. I thanke you for your gentlenes my friends,
But I haue neuer vſde to goe on credite.
There is two crownes betwixt you for your paines,
Sirra, deliuer them their ſtuffe againe,
And make them drinke a cup of wine, farewell,
1 God miſtris Sanders let me leaue the cloth,
I ſhal be chidden when I doe come home.
2 And I, therefore I pray you be perſwaded.
Anne. No no, I wil excuſe you to your maiſters. *Exeunt.*
So if you loue me vſe no more intreatie.
I am a woman, and in that reſpect,
Am well content my huſband ſhal controule me,
But that my man ſhould ouer-awe me ſo,
And in the ſight of ſtrangers, miſtris Drurie:
I tell you true, do's grieue me to the heart.
Dru. Your huſband was to blame, to ſay the troth,
That gaue his ſeruant ſuch authoritie,
What ſignifies it but he doth repoſe
More truſt in a vilde boy, than in his wife?
Anne. Nay, giue me leaue to thinke the beſt of him,
It was my deſtinie and not his malice,
Sure I did know as wel when I did riſe
This morning, that I ſhould be chaſt ere noone,
As where I ſtand.
Dru. By what, good miſtris Sanders?
An. Why by theſe yellow ſpots vpon my fingers,
They neuer come to me, but I am ſure
To heare of anger ere I goe to bed.
Dru. Tis like enough, I pray you let me ſee,
God ſoth they are as manifeſt as day,
And let me tel you too, I ſee diſciphered,
Within this palme of yours, to quite that euil,
Faire ſignes of better fortune to enſue,
Cheere vp your heart, you ſhortly ſhalbe free

From al your troubles ſee you this character
Directly fixed to the line of life:
It ſignifies a diſſolution,
You muſt be (miſtris Anne) a widdow ſhortly.
Anne. No, God forbid, I hope you do but ieſt.
Dru. It is moſt certaine, you muſt burie George.
Anne. Haue you ſuch knowledge then in palmeſtrie?
Dru. More then in ſurgerie, though I do make
That my profeſſion, this is my beſt liuing,
And where I cure one ſickneſſe or diſeaſe,
I tell a hundred fortunes in a yeere.
What makes my houſe ſo haunted as it is,
With merchants wiues, bachlers and yong maides,
But for my matchleſſe ſkil in palmeſtrie?
Lend me your hand againe, ile tel you more.
A widow ſaid I: yea, and make a change,
Not for the worſe, but for the better farre:
A gentleman (my girle) muſt be the next,
A gallant fellow, one that is belou'd
Of great eſtates, tis playnely figurd here,
And this is calld the Ladder of Promotion.
Anne. I do not wiſh to be promoted ſo,
My George is gentle, and belou'd beſide,
And I haue euen as good a huſband of him,
As anie wench in London hath beſide,
Dru. True, he is good, but not to good for God,
He's kind, but can his loue diſpence with death,
He's wealthie, and an handſome man beſide,
But will his graue be ſatisfied with that?
He keeps you wel, who ſaies the contrary?
Yet better's better. Now you are araide
After a ciuill manner, but the next
Shall keepe you in your hood, and gowne of ſilke,
And when you ſtirre abroade, ride in your coach,
And haue your dozen men all in a liuerie
To waite vpon you: this is ſomewhat like:

Yet

Anne. Yet had I rather be as now I am,
If God were pleaſed that it ſhould be ſo,
Dru. I marrie now you ſpeake like a good chriſtian,
If God were pleaſed: but he hath decreed
It ſhalbe otherwiſe, and to repine
Againſt his prouidence you know tis ſinne.
An. Your words do make me think I know not what,
And burden me with feare as wel as doubt.
Dru. Tut, I could tel ye for a néede, his name,
That is ordaind to be your next huſband,
But for a teſtimonie of my former ſpéeches,
Let it ſuffice I find it in your hand,
That you already are acquainted with him,
And let me ſée, this croked line deriude
From your ring finger ſhewes me, not long ſince
You had ſome ſpéech with him in the ſtréete,
Or néere about your dore I am ſure it was.
Anne. I know of none more than that gentleman,
That ſupt with vs, they cal him captaine Browne,
And he I muſt confeſſe againſt my wil,
Came to my dore as I was ſitting there,
And vſde ſome idle chat might a bene ſparde
And more I wis than I had pleaſure in,
Dru. I cannot tel, if captaine Browne it were,
Then captaine Browne is he muſt marrie you.
His name is George I take it: yea tis ſo,
My rules of palmeſtrie declare no leſſe,
An. Tis verie ſtrange how ye ſhould know ſo much,
Dru. Nay I can make rehearſal of the words,
Did paſſe betwixt you if I were diſpoſde,
Yet I proteſt I neuer ſaw the man,
Since, nor before the night he ſupt with vs,
Briefly, it is your fortune miſtris Sanders,
And there's no remedie but you muſt leaue him,
I counſel you to no immodeſtie
Tis lawful, one deceaſt to take an other.

In

In the meane ſpace I would not haue you coy,
But if ſhe come vnto your houſe, or ſo,
To vſe him courteouſly, as one for whom
You were created in your birth a wife.
Anne. If it be ſo, I muſt ſubmit my ſelfe,
To that which God and deſtenie ſets downe:
But yet I can aſſure you miſtres Drurie,
I do not find me any way inclinde
To change off new affection, nor God willing
Will I be falſe to Sanders whileſt I liue.
By this time hées returnd from th'Exchange,
Come, you ſhal ſup with vs. *Exit.*
Dru. Ile follow you.
Why this is wel, I neuer could haue found
A fitter way to compaſſe Brownes deſire,
Nor in her womans breaſt kindled loues fire.
For this will hammer ſo within her head,
As for the new, ſhe'le wiſh the old were dead,
When in the necke of this I will deuiſe
Some ſtratageme to cloſe vp Sanders eies.
Enter Tragedie with a bowle of bloud in her hand.
Tra. Mil now you haue but ſitten to behold,
The fatal entrance to our bloudie ſceane,
And by gradations ſæne how we haue growne
Into the maine ſtreame of our tragedie:
All we haue done, hath only beene in words,
But now we come vnto the diſmall act,
And in theſe ſable Curtains ſhut we vp,
The Comicke entrance to our direful play,
This deadly banquet is prepard at hand,
Where Ebon tapers are brought vp from hel,
To leade blacke murther to this damned déed,
The vgly Scrætchowle, and the night Rauen,
With flaggy wings and hideous croking noiſe.
Do beate the caſements of this fatal houſe,
Whilſt I do bring my dreadful furies forth,

To spread the table to this bloudy feast. *They come to couer.*

The while they couer.

Come forth and couer, for the time drawes on,
Dispatch, I say, for now I must imploy ye
To be the vshers to this damned traine.
Bring forth the banquet, and that lustfull wine,
Which in pale mazors made of dead mens sculles,
They shall carowse to their destruction:
By this thei're entred to this fatall doore,
Harke how the gastly fearefull chimes of night
Do ring them in: and with a dolefull peale:

Here some strange solemne musike like belles is heard within.

Do fill the roofe with sounds of tragedie:
Dispatch, I say, and be their Vshers in.

The Furies goe to the doore and meete them: first the Furies enter before leading them, dauncing a soft daunce to the solemne musicke: next comes Lust before *Browne*, leading mistris *Sanders* couered with a blacke vaile: Chastitie all in white, pulling her backe softly by the arme: then *Drewry*, thrusting away Chastitie, *Roger* following: they march about, and then sit to the table: the Furies fill wine, Lust drinckes to *Browne*, he to Mistris *Sanders*, shee pledgeth him: Lust imbraceth her, she thrusteth Chastity from her, Chastity wrings her hands, and departs: *Drury* and *Roger* imbrace one an other: the Furies leape and imbrace one another.

Whilst they sit downe, Tragedie speakes.

Here is the Maske vnto this damned murther,
The Furies first, the diuell leades the daunce:
Next, lawlesse Lust conducteth cruell Browne,
He doth seduce this poore deluded soule,
Attended by vnspotted Innocence,
As yet vnguiltie of her husbands death.
Next followes on that instrument of hell

That wicked Drurie, the accurſed fiend,
That thruſts her forward to deſtruction,
And laſt of al is Roger, Druries man,
A villaine expert in all trecherie,
One conuerſant in al her damned drifts,
And a baſe broker in this murderous act.
Here they prepare them to theſe luſtful feaſts,
And here they ſitte all wicked murthers gueſts.

Tragedie ſtanding to beholde them a while, till the ſhew be done, againe turning to the people.

Thus ſinne preuailes, the drinkes that poyſoned draught,
With which baſe thoughts henceforth infects her ſoule,
And wins her free conſent to this foule deed,
Now bloud and Luſt, both conquer and ſubdue,
And Chaſtitie is quite abandoned:
Here enters Murther into al their hearts,
And doth poſſeſſe them with the hellish thirſt
Of guiltleſſe blood: now wil I wake my chime
And lay this charming rod vpon their eyes,
To make them ſleepe in their ſecuritie.

They ſleepe.

Thus ſittes this poore ſoule, innocent of late,
Amongſt theſe diuels at this damned feaſt,
Wounne and betraid to their deteſted ſinne,
And thus with bloud their hands ſhalbe imbrude,

Murther ſettes downe her blood, and rubbes their hands.

To Browne

Thy hands ſhal both be touch'd, for they alone
Are the foule actors of this impious deed:

To

To Drewry and Roger.

And thine: and thine: for thou didſt lay the plot,
And thou didſt worke this damned witch deuiſe,
Your hands are both as deepe in blood as his.

To Anne.

Only thou dipſt a finger in the ſame,
And here it is: Awake now when you will,
For now is the time wherein to worke your ill.

Here Browne ſtarts vp: drawes his ſword, and runnes out.

Thus he is gone whileſt they are all ſecure,
Reſolu'd to put theſe deſperate thoughts in vre,
They follow him: and them wil I attend,
Vntill I bring them all vnto their end.

Enter Sanders, and one or two with him.

San. You ſee ſir Bill I am a dayly gueſt,
But with ſo true friends as I hold your ſelfe,
I had rather be too rude, then too preciſe.

Gent. Sir this houſe is yours: you come but to your owne,
And what elſe I cal mine, is wholy yours,
So much I do endeere your loue ſweet maiſter Sanders,
A light ho, there.

San. Mel ſir at this time ile rather be vnmannerly then (ceremonious,
Ile leaue you ſir to recommend my thanks,
Vnto your kind reſpective wife.

Gent. Sir for your kind patience, ſhe's much beholding
And I beſeech you remember me to miſtris Sanders. (to you

San. Sir I thanke you for hir.

Gent. Sirra, ho, whose within there?

Prentice. Sir.

Gen. Light a Torch there, and wait on M. Sanders home.

San. It ſhall not need ſir, it is light enough.

Let it alone.

Gent. Nay, I pray ye ſir.

Sanders Faith ſir at this time it ſhall not neede,
Tis very light, the ſtreetes are ful of people,
And I haue ſome occaſion by the way that may detaine me.

Gent. Sir, I am ſorie, that you go alone, tis ſomwhat late,

Sanders Tis wel ſir, God ſend you happie reſt. (thing,

Gent. God bleſſe you ſir: paſſion of me, I had forgot one
I am glad I thought of it before we parted:
Pour patience ſir a little.

Here enters Browne ſpeaking, in caſting one ſide of his cloake vnder his arme. While maſter Sanders and he are in buſie talke one to the other, Browne ſteps to a corner.

Browne This way he ſhould come, and a fitter place,
The towne affordes not, tis his neereſt waie,
And tis ſo late, he wil not goe about,
Then ſtand cloſe George, and with a luckie arme,
Sluce out his life, the hinderer of thy loue:
Thy ſable night, ſit on the eie of heauen,
That it diſcerne not this blacke deede of darkneſſe,
Thy guiltie ſoule, burnt with lufts hateful fire,
Muſt wade through bloud, t'obtaine my vile deſire,
Be then my couerture, thicke vgly night,
The light hates me, and I doe hate the light,

Sanders God night ſir.

Gent. God night good maſter Sanders.
Sir I ſhal ſee you on the Exchange to morrow.

Sanders. You ſhal God willing Sir: god night.

Browne I heare him comming faire vnto my ſtand,
Murther and death ſit on my fatal hand.

Enters a Gentleman with a man with a torch before, Browne drawes to ſtrike.

Gent. Who's there?

Sanders. A friend.

Gent.

Gent. Maſter Sanders? wel met.
Sand. God euen gentle ſir, ſo are you.
Gent. Where haue you bene ſo late ſir?
Bro. A plague vpon't, a light and companie,
Euen as I was about to do the deede. Browne aſide.
See how the diuell ſtumbles in the nicke.
Sand. Sir, here at a friends of mine in Lumbard ſtreete
At ſupper: where I promiſe you,
Our cheere and entertainement was ſo great,
That we haue paſt our hower:
Beleeue me ſir the euening's ſtolne away,
I ſee tis later then I tooke it for.
Gent. Sirra turne there at the corner ſince tis late,
I wil go home with maſter Sanders.
Sand. No, I praie you ſir trouble not your ſelfe,
Sir I beſeech you.
Gent. Sir pardon me, ſirra go on now where we are,
My waie lies iuſt with yours.
Sand. I am beholding to you. *Exeunt.*

Browne commeth out alone.

Bro. Except by miracle, thou art deliuered as was neuer
My ſword vnſheathd, and with the piercing ſteele, (man,
Ready to broch his boſome, and my purpoſe
Thwarted by ſome malignant enuious ſtarre.
Night I could ſtabbe thee, I could ſtabbe my ſelfe,
I am ſo mad that he ſcaped my handes.
How like a fatal Comet did that light,
With this portentious viſion fright mine eies:
A maſke of diuels, walke along with thee,
And thou the torch bearer vnto them all;
Thou fatal Wand here maiſt thou be extinct,
Til thou haſt ſet that damned houſe on fire,
Where he is lodged that brought thee to this place,
Sanders this hand doth hold that death alone,
And beares the ſeale of thy deſtruction:

Some other time ſhall ſerue till thou be dead,
My fortunes yet are nere accompliſhed. *Exit.*

Enter Maiſter Barnes and Iohn Beane his man.

Iohn Beane. Muſt I go firſt to Greenewich ſir?

Barnes. What els?

Beane. I cannot go by water, for it ebbes,
The wind's at weſt, and both are ſtrong againſt vs.

Barnes. My meaning is that you ſhal go by land,
And come by water, though the tide be late,
Faile not to be at home againe this night,
With anſwere of thoſe letters which ye haue.
This letter giue to maiſter Cofferer,
If he be not at court when ye come there,
Leau't at his chamber in any caſe,
Pray maiſter Sanders to be here next weeke,
About the matter at S. Marie Cray.

Beane. Me thinkes ſir vnder your correction,
Next weeke is ill appointed.

Barnes. Why, I pray ye?

Beane. 'Tis Eaſter weeke, and euery holiday,
Are ſermons at the Spittle.

Bar. What of that?

Beane. Can maiſter Sanders then be ſparde to come?

Bar. Wel ſaid Iohn fole, I hope at afternoone
A paire of Dares may bring him downe to Woolwich,
Tel him he muſt come downe in any wiſe.

Beane. What ſhal I bring from Londone

Bar. A foles head.

Beane. A calfes head's better meate,
'Tis Maundie thurſdaie ſir, and euery butcher,
Now keepes open ſhoppe.

Barns. Wel get ye gone, and hie ye home, how now?

Beane ſtumbles twice.

What art thou drunke, canſt thou not ſtande?

Beane. Yes ſir, I did but ſtumble, God ſend me good lucke
I was not wont to ſtumble on plaine ground.

Barnes.

Barnes. Looke better to your feete then. *Exit Barnes.*

Bea. Yes forſooth: and yet I do not like it at my ſetting forth
They ſay it doe's betoken ſome miſchance:
I feare not drowning if the boate be good,
There is no danger in ſo ſhort a cut,
Betwixt Blacke wall and Wolwich is the worſt,
And if the watermen wil watch the Anchors,
Ile watch the catches and the hoyes my ſelfe,
Well I muſt go: Chriſts croſſe, God be my ſpeede.

Enter olde Iohn, and Ioane his maide.

Who comes there a Gods name: this woodie way
Doth harbour many a falſe knaue they ſay.

Old Iohn. False knaues, ha? where be they? let me ſee them, mas as old as I am, and haue little ſkil, Ile hamper a falſe knaue yet in my hedging bill: ſtand there for true man.

Ioane. Maſter it is Iohn Beane.

Iohn. Ieſu Iohn Beane, why whither away by land?
What make you wandring this woodie way?
Walke ye to Greenewich, or walke ye to Cray?

Bean. To Greenwich father Iohn, good morrow, good morrow
God morrow Ioane, good morrow ſweete to thee.

Ioane. A thouſand good morrowes gentle Iohn Beane. I am glad I met ye for now I haue my dreame, I haue been ſo troubled with ye all this night, that I could not reſt for ſleeping and dreaming: me thought you were growne taller and fairer, and that ye were in your ſhirt, and me thought it ſhould not be you, and yet it was you; and that ye were all in white, and went into a garden, and there was the vmberſt ſorte of flowers that euer I ſee: and me thought you lay downe vpon a greene banke, and I pinned gilliflowers in your ruffe, and then me thought your noſe bled, and as I ran to my cheſt to fetch ye a handkercher, me thoght I ſtumbled and ſo waked: what do's it betoken?

Beane. Nay, I cannot tell, but I like neither thy dreame

dreame nor my owne, for I was troubled with greene Medowes, and buls fighting and goring one another, and one of them me thought ran at me, and I ran away, that I swet in my sleepe for feare.

Old Iohn. Tut, feare nothing Iohn Beane, dreames are but fancies: I dreamed my selfe last night, that I heard the bels of Barking as plaine to our towne of Wolwich, as if I had line in the steeple. And that I should be married, and to whom trowest thou: but to the fine gentlwoman of London that was at your masters the last summer?

Beane. Who? mistres Sanders? I shall see her anon, for I haue an errand to her husband: shal I tell her ye dreamed of her?

Old Iohn. Gods forbod, no sheele laugh at me, and call me old foole. Art thou going to London?

Beane. Yea when I haue bin at the Court at Greenwich: whither go you and your maid Ioane?

Old Iohn. To stop a gap in my sence, and to driue home a Cowe and a Calfe that is in my close, at Shooters hill foote.

Beane. T'is well done, Mas I am merry since I met you two, I would your iourney lay along with mine.

Ioane. So would I with all my heart. Iohn, pray ye bestowe a groate or sixe pence of Carnation Ribbin to tie my smocke sleeues, they flappe about my handes too bad, and Ile giue you your mony againe.

Beane. That I will yfayth: will you haue nothing, father Iohn?

Old Iohn. No God-amercie sonne Iohn, but I woulde thou hadst my Aqua vitæ bottle, to fill at the blacke Bull by Battell bridge.

Beane. So would I: wel, here our wayes part, you must that way, and I this.

Old Iohn. Why, Iohn Beane, canst part with thy loue without a kisse?

Beane. Ye say true father Iohn, my busines puts kissing out

out of my mind, farewel ſweete Ioane. *Kiſſe Ioane.*

Ioane. Farewel ſweet Iohn, I pray ye haue a care of your ſelfe for my dreame, and bleſſe ye out of ſwaggerers companie, and walke not to late, my maſter and I wil pray for ye.

Old Iohn. That we will yfaith Iohn *Beane*.

Beane God be with ye both: I could e'ne weepe to ſee how kind they are vnto me, theres a wench, wel, if I liue ile make her amends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Browne and Drury.

Bro. May ſpeak your conſcience, wall not ſtrange fortune
That at the inſtant when my ſword was drawne,
And I had thought to haue naild him to a poſt,
A light ſhould come, and ſo preuent my purpoſe?

Dru. It was ſo maſter Browne: but let it paſſe,
Another time ſhall ſerue, neuer giue ore
Till you haue quite remou'd him out your way.

Bro. And if I do, let me be held a coward,
And no more worthy to obtaine her bed,
Than a ſoule Negro to imbrace a Queene.

Dru. You nede not quaile for doubt of your reward,
You know already ſhe is wonne to this,
What by my perſwaſion, and your owne ſuite,
That you may haue her company when you will,
And ſhe herſelfe is throughly reſolu'd,
None but George Browne muſt be her ſecond husband.

Bro. The hope of that makes me a nights to dreame
Of nothing but the death of wretched Sanders,
Which I haue vow'd in ſecret to my ſoule
Shall not be long before that be determin'd.
But I doe maruel that our ſkowt returnes not,
Truſty Roger whom we ſent to dogge him.

Dru. The knaue's ſo carefull (maiſter Browne) of you,
As he will rather die than come againe,
Before he finde fit place to do the deede.

Bro. I am beholding both to you and him,
And miſtris Drewry, Ile requite your loues. *Enter Rog.*
Dru. By the maſſe ſee where the whoreſon comes
Puffing and blowing, almoſt out of breath.
Bro. Roger how now, where haſt thou beene al day?
Ro. Where haue I beene? where I haue had a iaunt,
Able to tyre a horſe.
Bro. But doeſt thou bring
Any good newes where I may ſtrike the ſtroke,
Shall make thy ſelfe and me amends for al?
Rog. That gather by the circumſtance: firſt know,
That in the morning, til twas nine a cloche,
I watcht at Sanders doore til he came forth,
Then followed him to Cornhil, where he ſtaied
An houer talking in a marchants warehouſe,
From thence he went directly to the Burſe,
And there he walkt another houer at leaſt,
And I at's heeles. By this it ſtroke eleuen,
I oone then he comes to dinner, by the way
He chanced to meet a gentleman of the court,
With whom as he was talking, I drew neere,
And at his parting from him heard him ſay,
That in the after noone without al faile,
He would be with him at the court: this done
I watcht him at his doore til he had din'd,
Followed him to Lion key, ſaw him take boate,
And in a paire of Oares, as ſoone as he
Landed at Greene witch, where euer ſince,
I trac'd him to and fro, with no leſſe care
Than I had done before, til at the laſt
I heard him cal vnto a water man,
And bade he ſhoulde be ready, for by fire
He meant to be at London backe againe.
With that away came I to giue you notice,
That as he landes at Lion key this euening,
You might diſpatch him and eſcape vnſeene.

Bro.

Bro. Hodge, Thou haſt won my hart by this daies worke
Dru. Beleeue me, but he hath taken mighty paines.
Bro. Roger come hither, there's for thee to drinke,
And one day I will do thee greater good.
Ro. I thanke you ſir, Hodge is at your commaund.
Browne Now miſtris Drury, if you pleaſe, go home,
Tis much vpon the houre of his returne.
Ro. Nay, I am ſure he will be here ſtraitway.
Dru. Well, I will leaue you, for tis somewhat late.
God ſpeed your hand, and ſo maiſter Browne good night.
Roger Miſtris I pray you ſpare me for this once,
Ile be ſo bold as ſtay with Maiſter Browne.
Dru. Doe: and maiſter Browne, if you preuaile,
Come to my houſe, ile haue a bed for you. *Exit.*
Browne You ſhall haue knowledge if I chance to ſpeede,
But ile not lodge in London for a while,
Vntill the rumour ſhalbe somewhat paſt:
Come Roger, where iſt beſt to take our ſtanding?
Roger Mary at this corner, in my minde.
Browne I like it well, tis darke and somewhat cloſe,
By reaſon that the houſes ſtand ſo neare:
Beſide, if he ſhould land at Billingſgate,
Yet are we ſtill betwixt his houſe and him.
Roger You ſay well Maiſter Browne, tis ſo indeede.
Browne. Peace then, no more words for being eſpyed.

Enter Anne Sanders, and Iohn Beane.

Anne I maruell Iohn thou ſaw'ſt him not at court,
He hath beene there euer ſince one a cloche.
Iohn Indeede miſtris Sanders I heard not of him.
An. Pray God that captain Browne hath not bin wou'd
By ſome ill motion, to indanger him, —aſide.
I greatly feare it, hee's ſo long away:
But tell me Iohn, muſt thou needes home to night
Iohn Yes of neceſſitie, for ſo my Maiſter bade.
Anne If it be poſſible, I pre thee ſtay
Vntill my huſband come.

Iohn I dare not, truſt me,
And I doubt that I haue loſt my tide already.
Anne Nay thats not ſo: come, ile bring thee to the key,
I hope we ſhall meet my huſband by the way.
Ro. That ſhould be miſtris Sanders by her tongue.
Browne It is my loue, Oh how the duſky night
Is by her comming forth made cheene and bright:
Ile know of her why ſhe's abroad ſo late.
Ro. Take heed maſter Browne, ſee where Sanders comes.
Bro. A plague vpon't, now am I preuented,
She being by, how can I murther him? *Enter Sanders.*
San. Your fares but eighteene pence, here's half a crown.
Waterman I thank your worſhip, God giue ye good night
San. God night with al my heart.
Anne Oh here he is now:
Huſband, y'are welcome home: now Ieſu man
That you will be ſo late vpon the water?
San. My buſines, ſweet heart, was ſuch I could not chuſe
An. Here's M. Barnſes man hath ſtaid al day to ſpeak w̃ you.
San. Iohn *Beane*, welcome, how ill?
How doth thy maſter, and al our friends at Wolwich?
Iohn All in good health (ſir) when I came thence.
San. And what's the news, Iohn Beane?
Iohn My Maiſter (ſir) requeſts you, that vpon tueſday
nert you would take the paines to come downe to Wolwich,
about the matter you wot of.
San. Wel Iohn, to morrow thou ſhalt know my minde.
Iohn Nay ſir, I muſt to Wolwich by this tide.
San. What to night? there is no ſuch haſte I hope.
Iohn Yes truely (with your pardon) it muſt be ſo.
San. Well then, if Iohn you will be gone, commend me
to your Maiſter, and tell him, without faile on tueſday ſome-
time of the day Ile ſee him, and ſo good night.
Anne Commend me likewiſe to thy maſter Iohn.
Iohn I thanke you miſtris Sanders for my cheere,
Your commendations ſhalbe deliuered. *Exit.*
Ro. I would thy ſelfe and he were both ſent hence To

To doe a meſſage to the diuel of hell,
For interrupting this my ſolemne vow,
But queſtionleſſe ſome powre or elſe praier
Of ſome religious friend or other guardes him,
Or elſe my ſword s vnfortunate,tis ſo,
This mettall was not made to kil a man.

Rog. Good maſter Browne fret not your ſelfe ſo much,
Haue you forgot what the old prouerbe is,
The third time payes for all: Did you not heare,
That he ſent word to maſter Barnes of Woolwich,
He would be with him as on tewſday next:
Twixt that and then lie you in waite for him
And though he haue eſcapt your hand ſo oft,
You may be ſure to pay him home at laſt.

Bro. Furie had almoſt made me paſt my ſelfe,
Tis wel remembred: Hodge,it ſo ſhalbe,
Some place wil I picke out as he does paſſe,
Either in going or in cumming backe,
To end his hateful life: come lets away,
And at thy miſtres houſe weele ſpend this night,
In conſultation how it may be wrought. *Exeunt.*

Trag. Twice (as you ſee)this ſad diſtreſſed man,
The onely marke whereat foule Murther ſhot:
Juſt in the iawe of enuious eager death,
By accidents ſtrange and miraculous,
Eſcap't the arrow aymed at his hart.
Suppoſe him on the water now for Woolwich,
For ſecrete buſineſſe with his boſome friend,
From thence, as fatal deſtinie conducts him,
To Mary-Cray by ſome occaſion cald:
Which by falſe Druries meanes made knowne to Browne,
Luſt,Gaine,and Murther ſpurd this vilaine on,
Still to purſue this vnſuſpecting ſoule,
And now the dreadful houre of death is come,
The diſmal morning when the deſtinies,
Do ſhere the labouring vitall thred of life,
When as the lambe left in thew ods of Kent, Vnto

Vnto this ranenous woife becoms a pray,
Now of his death the generall intent,
Thus Tragedie doth to your eyes present.

The Muſicke playing, enters Luſt bringing forth *Browne* and *Roger*, at one ende miſtres *Sanders* and miſtres *Drurie* at the other, they offering cheerefully to meete and embrace, ſuddenly riſeth vp a great tree betweene them, whereat amazedly they ſtep backe, whereupon *Luſt* bringeth an axe to miſtres *Sanders*, ſhewing ſignes, that ſhe ſhould cut it downe, which ſhe refuſeth, albeit miſtres *Drurie* offers to helpe her. Then *Luſt* brings the Axe to *Browne*, and ſhews the like ſignes to him as before, wherupon he roughlie and ſuddenly hewes downe the tree, and then they run togither and embrace. With that enters *Chaſtitie*, with her haire diſheueled, and taking miſtres *Sanders* by the hand, brings her to her husbands picture hanging on the wall, and pointing to the tree, ſeemes to tell her, that that is the tree ſo raſhly cut downe. Whereupon, ſhe wringing her hands, in teares departes, *Browne*, *Drurie*, *Roger* and *Luſt*, whiſpering, he drawes his ſword, and *Roger* followes him. *Tragedie* expreſſing that now he goes to act the deed.

Luſt leades togither this adulterous route,
But as you ſee are hindred thus, before
They could attaine vnto their foule deſires.
The tree ſprings vp, whoſe bodie whileſt it ſtands,
Still keepes them backe when they would faine embrace,
Whereat they ſtart, for furie euermore
Is full repleat with feare and enuie.
Luſt giueth her the Axe to cut it downe,
To rid her huſband whom it repreſents,
In which this damned woman would aſſiſt hir.
But though by them ſeduced to conſent,
And had a finger in her huſbands bloud:
Could not be wonne to murther him her ſelfe.
Luſt brings the Axe to Browne, who ſuddenly,

Doth

Doth giue the fatal ſtroke vnto the tree,
Which being done, they then embrace togither:
The act perform'de, now Chaſtitie appeares,
And pointing to the picture, and the tree,
Vnto her guiltie conſcience, ſhewes her huſband,
Euen ſo cut off by that vile murtherer Browne,
She wrings her hands repenting of the fact,
Touch't with remorſe, but now it is to late.
Whats here exprest, in act is to be done,
The ſword is drawne, the murtherer forth doth run,
Luſt leades him on, he followes him with ſpeede,
The onely actor in this damned deed,

Enter Browne reading a Letter, and Roger.

Bro. Did I but wauer, or were vnreſolu'd,
Theſe lines were able to encourage me,
Sweete Nan I kiſſ thy name, and for thy ſake,
What coward would not venture more then this?
Kil him? Yea, were his life ten thouſand liues,
Not any ſparke or cynder of the ſame
Should be vnquencht in bloud at thy requeſt.
Roger thou art aſſurde heele come this way.

Rog. Aſſurde ſir? why I heard him ſay ſo:
For hauing lodg'd at Wolwich, al laſt night,
As ſoone as day appeard, I got me vp,
And watcht alwaſe at maiſter Barnes doore,
Til he and maiſter Sanders both came forth.

Bro. Til both came forth? what are they both togither?

Rog. No ſir, maiſter Barnes himſelfe went backe againe,
And left his man to beare him companie,
Iohn Beane: you know him, he that was at London
When we laid wait for him at Billingſgate.

Bro. Is it that ſtripling? wel, no more adoe,
Roger go thou vnto the hedge corner
At the hill foote: there ſtand and caſt thine eie
Toward Greenewich parke, ſee if black heath be cleare,
Leaſt by ſome paſſenger we be deſcride.

Rog.

Roger. Shal ye not neede my help sir: they are twaine,
Brown. No, were they ten, mine arme is strong enough,
Euen of it selfe to buckle with them al,
And ere George Sanders shal escape me now,
I wil not recke what massacre I make,
Rrog. Wel sir, Ile go and watch, and when I see
Any body comming, Ile whistle to you.
Bro. Do so I pre thee: I would be alone,
My thoughts are studious and vnsociable,
And so's my body, till this deede be done.
But let me see, what time a day ist now?
It cannot be imagin'd by the sunne,
For why I haue not seene it shine to daie,
Yet as I gather by my comming forth,
Being then fire, it cannot now be lesse
Than halfe an hower past seuen: the aire is gloomie,
No matter, darkneſſe best fittes my intent,
Here wil I walke, and after shrowd my selfe
Within those bushes when I see them come.

Enter maister Sanders and Iohn Beane.

San. Iohn *Beane*, this is the right way, is it not?
Ioh. I sir, would to God we were past this wood.
San. Why art thou affraide? See yonder's companie.
Bro. They haue espied me, I wil slip aside.
Ioh. O God sir, I am heauy at the heart.
God maister Sanders lets returne backe to Wolwich,
Me thinkes I go this waie against my wil.
San. Why so I pre thee?
Ioh. Truly I do not like
The man we saw, he slipt so soone away,
behind the bushes.
San. Trust me Iohn, nor I,
But yet God willing we wil keepe our way.
Ioh. I pray you sir let vs go backe againe,
I do remember now a dreame was told me,
That might I haue the world I cannot chose

But

But tremble euery ioynt to thinke vpon't,
Sand. But we are men, lets not be ſo faint hearted,
As to affright our ſelues with viſions,
Come on a Gods name.

Browne ſteps out and ſtrikes vp Iohns heeles

Iohn. Oh we are vndone.
Sand. What ſeeke you ſir?
Bro. Thy bloud which I will haue.
Sand. Oh take my mony, and preſerue my life.
Bro. It is is not millions that can ranſome thee,
Nor this baſe drudge, for both of you muſt die.
San. Heare me a word, you are a gentleman,
Soile not your hands with bloud of innocents.
Bro. Thou ſpeakeſt in vaine.
San. Then God forgiue my ſinne,
Haue mercie on me, and vpon thee too,
The bloudie author of my timeleſſe death.
Bro. Now will I dip my hankercher in his bloud,
And ſend it as a token to my loue,
Loke how many wounds my hand hath giuen him,
So many holes Ile make within this cloth.
San. Jeſu receiue my ſoule into thy handes.
Bro. What ſound was that: it was not he that ſpake,
The breath is vaniſht, from his noſtrils,
Was it the other: no, his wounds are ſuch,
As he is likewiſe paſt the vſe of ſpeech.
Who was it then that thundred in mine eares,
The name of Jeſu: Doubtleſſe twas my conſcience,
And I am damn'd for this vnhallowed deede.
O ſinne how haſt thou blinded me til now,
Promiſing me ſecuritie and reſt,
But giueſt me dreadful agonie of ſoule:
What ſhal I do: or whither ſhal I flie:
The very bushes will diſcouer me.
See how their wounds do gape vnto the ſkies,

in the Amminicke? if it be not, then tis either long of the browned cow, that was nere wel in her wits ſince the butcher bought her calf, or long of my dreame, or of my noſe bléding this morning, for as I was waſhing my hands my noſe bled three drops, then I thought of Iohn Bean, God be with him, for I dreamd he was married, and that our white calfe was kild for his wedding dinner, God beſſe them both, for I loue them both well.

Beane creeper.

Old Iohn. Marie amen, for I tel thée my heart is heauie, God ſend me good luck: my eies dazel, and I could wéepe. Lord bleſſe vs, what ſight is this? looke Ione, and croſſe thy ſelfe.

Ione. O maſter, maſter, looke in my purſe for a péece of ginger, I ſhall ſweb, I ſhall ſwound, cut my lace, and couer my face, I die elſe, it is Iohn Beane, kild, cutte, ſlaine: maiſter, and ye be a man, help.

Old Iohn. Iohn Beane? How Gods forbod, alocke alock good Iohn, how came ye in this pitteous plight? ſpeake good Iohn, nay groane not, ſpeake who has done this déede? thou haſt not fordone thy ſelfe, haſt thou?

Beane. Ah no, no.

Ioane. Ah, no, no, he néede not haue done that, for God knowes I loued him as dearely as he loued me, ſpeake Iohn, who did it?

Beane. One in a white dublet and blew breeches, he has ſlaine another too, not farre off: O ſtoppe my woundes if ye can.

Old Iohn. Ioane, take my napkin and thy apron, and bind vp his wounds, and cows go where they wil til we haue carried him home.

Ioane. Mo worth him Iohn that did this diſmal déede, Heart-breake be his mirth, and hanging be his méede.

Old Iohn. Ah weladay, ſee where another lies, a handſome comely ancient gentleman: what an age liue we in, when men haue no mercy of men more than of dogges, bloudier than beaſts? This is the deed of ſome ſwaggering, ſwearing, drunken deſperate Dicke. Call we them Cabbaliſts? maſſe they be Canniballes, that haue the ſtabbe readyer in their handes than a penny in their purſe: Shames death be their ſhare. Ione, haſt thou done? Come lend me a hand, to lay this good man in ſome buſh, from birds and from beaſts, till we carry home Iohn Beane to his Maiſters, and rayſe all Wolwich to fetch home this man, and make ſearch: lift there Ione: ſo, ſo. *They carry out Sanders.*

Beane. Lord comfort my ſoule, my body is paſt cure.

Old Iohn. Now lets take vp Iohn Beane: Softly Ione, ſoftly.

Ione. Ah Iohn, little thought I to haue carried thée thus within this weeke, but my hope is aſlope, and my ioy is laide to ſléepe. *Exeunt.*

Enter a yeoman of the Buttery, Browne, and mayſter Iames.

Yeo. Welcome maiſter Browne, what iſt you'le drinke, ale or beere?

Bro. Mary ale and if you pleaſe, You ſée ſir I am bold to trouble you.

Yeo. No trouble ſir at all, the Quéene our Miſtris Allowes this bounty to all commers, much more To Gentlemen of your ſort: ſome ale there ho.

Enter one with a Iacke and a court diſh.

Yeo. Here maiſter Browne, thus much to your health.

Bro. I thanke you ſir: nay, prethée fill my cup. Here maiſter Iames, to you with all my heart. How ſay you now ſir? was I not adry?

Yeo. Beléeue me yes, will't pleaſe ye mend your draught?

Bro. No more ſir in this heate, it is not good.

M. Iames. It ſéemes, maiſter Browne, that you haue gone

gone apace.
Came you from London that you made ſuch haſte?
But ſoft, what haue I ſpide? your hoſe is bloudy.
Bro. How, bloudy? where? God ſoth tis ſo indeede.
Yeo. It ſeemes it is but newly done.
Browne No more it is:
And now I do remember how it came,
My ſelfe, and ſome two or three Gentlemen more
Croſſing the field this morning here from Eltham
Chaunc'd by the way to ſtart a brace of hares,
One of the which we kild, the other ſcapt,
And pulling forth the garbage, this befell:
But tis no matter, it wil out againe.
Yeo. Yes there's no doubt, with alittle ſope and water.
M. Iames. I would I had beene with you at that ſport,
Bro. I would you had ſir, twas good ſport indeede.
Bro. Now afore God, this bloud was ill eſpied:
But my excuſe I hope wil ſerue the turne. ——Aſide.
Gentlemen, I muſt to London this forenoone,
About ſome earneſt buſines both concerne me,
Thankes for my ale, and your good companies.
Both Adieu good maiſter Browne.
Browne Farewell vnto you both. *Exit.*
M. Iames An honeſt proper Gentleman as liues:
God be with you ſir, Ile vp into the Preſence.
Yeo. Y'are welcome M. Iames, God be with ye ſir. *Exeunt*

Enter Anne Sanders, Anne Drewry, and Roger: Drewry hauing the bloudy handkercher in her hand.

Anne Oh ſhew not me that enſigne of deſpaire,
But hide it, burne it, bury it in the earth,
It is a kalender of bloudy letters,
Containing his, and yours, and all our ſhames.
Dru. God miſtris Sanders, be not ſo outragious.
Anne What tell you me? is not my huſband ſlaine?

Are

Are not we guiltie of his cruel death?
Oh my deare husband I will follow thee:
Giue me a knife, a sword, or any thing,
Where with I may do iustice on my selfe.
Iustice for murther, iustice for the death
Of my deare husband, my betrothed loue.

Rog. These exclamations will bewray vs all,
Good mistres Sanders peace.

Dru. I pray you peace,
Your seruants, or some neighbours else will heare.

Anne. Shall I feare more my seruants, or the world,
Then God himselfe? He heard our trecherie,
And saw our complot and conspiracie:
Our hainous sinne cries in the eares of him,
Lowder then we can crie vpon the earth:
A womans sinne, a wiues inconstancie,
Oh God that I was borne to be so vile,
So monstrous and prodigious for my lust.
Fie on this pride of mine, this pampered flesh,
I will reuenge me on these filling eies,
And teare them out for being amourous.
Oh Sanders my deare husband, giue me leaue,
Why doe you hold me? are not my deeds vglie?
Let then my faults be written in my face.

Dru. Oh do not offer violence to your selfe.

Anne. Haue I not done so already? Is not
The better part of me by me misdone?
My husband, is he not slaine? is he not dead?
But since you labour to preuent my griefe,
Ile hide me in some closet of my house,
And there weepe out mine eies, or pine to death,
That haue vntimely stopt my husbands breath. *Exit.*

Dru. What shall we doe Roger? go thou and watch
For master Brownes arriual from the Court,
And bring him hither, happily his presence
Will be a meanes to driue her from this passion.

In

In the meane ſpace I will go after her,
And do the beſt I can to comfort her.
Rog. I will: take hæde the do not kill her ſelfe.
Lru. For Gods ſake haſte thee, and be circumſpect.

Enter Sanders yong ſonne, and another boy comming from ſchoole.

Yong San. Come Harrie ſhall we play a game?
Har. At what?
Yong San. Why at creſſe and pile.
Har. You haue no Counters.
Yong San. Yes but I haue as many as you.
Har. Ile drop with you, and he that has moſt, take all.
Yong San. No ſir, if youle play a game, tis not yet twelue by halfe an houre, Ile ſet you like a gamſter.
Har. Go to, where ſhall we play?
Yong San. Here at our doze.
Har. What and if your father find vs?
Yong San. No hes at Woolwich, and will not come home to night.
Har. Set me then, and here's a god. *Enter Brown*
Bro. Is ſhe ſo out of patience as thou ſaiſt? *and Roger.*
Rog. Wonderfull ſir, I haue not ſeene the like.
Bro. What does ſhe meane by that? nay what meane I
To aſke the queſtion? has ſhe not good cauſe?
Oh yes, and we haue euery one of vs iuſt cauſe
To hate and be at variance with our ſelues.
But come, I long to ſee her. —he ſpies the boy.
Rog. How now captaine?
Why ſtop you on the ſuddain? why go you not?
What makes you looke ſo gaſtly towards the houſe?
Bro. Is not the formoſt of thoſe prettie boyes
One of George Sanders ſonnes?
Rog. Yes, t'is is yongeſt.
Bro. Both yong'ſt and eld'ſt are now made fatherleſſe
By my vnluckie hand. I prethee go,

And

And take him from the doore, the ſight of him
Strikes ſuch a terror to my guiltie conſcience,
As I haue not the heart to looke that way,
Nor ſtirre my foote vntill he be remoued.
Me thinkes in him I ſee his fathers wounds
Freſh bleeding in my ſight, nay he doth ſtand
Like to an Angel with a fiery ſworde,
To barre mine entrance at that fatall doore,
I prethee ſeppe, and take him quickly thence.

Rog. Away my prettie boy, your maſter comes,
And youle be taken playing in the ſtreet,
What at vnlawful games? away be gone,
'Tis dinner time, yong Sanders youle be ierkt,
Your mother lookes for you before this time.

Yong San. Gaffer if you'le not tel my maſter of me,
Ile giue you this new ſilke poynt.

Rog. Go to I will not.

Har. Nor of me, and there's two counters, I haue
wonne no more.

Rog. If neither of you, ſo you wil be gone.

Yong San. God be with you, ye ſhal ſee me no more.

Har. Nor me, I meane playing at this doore.

Rog. Now captaine if you pleaſe you may come forward
But ſee where miſtris Sanders and my miſtris
Are comming forth to meete you on the way.

Dru. See where maſter Browne is, in him take comfort,
And learne to temper your exceſſiue griefe.

Anne. Ah, bid me feed on poyſon and be fat,
Or looke vpon the Baſiliſke and liue,
Or ſurfet daily and be ſtil in health,
Or leape into the ſea and not be drowned:
All theſe are euen as poſſible as this,
That I ſhould be recomforted by him,
That is the Authour of my whole lament.

Bro. Why miſtris Anne I loue you dearly,
And but for your incomparable beautie

My ſoule had neuer dreamt of Sanders death:
Then giue me that which now I do deſerue,
Your ſelfe, your loue, and I will be to you
A huſband ſo deuote, as none more iuſt,
Or more affectionate ſhal treade this earth.

Anne. If you can craue it of me with a tongue
That hath not bin prophande with wicked vowes,
Or thinke it in a heart did neuer harbour
Pretence of murther, or put forth a hand
As not contaminate with ſhedding bloud,
Then will I willingly graunt your requeſt:
But oh your hand, your heart, your tongue, and eye,
Are all preſenters of my miſery.

Bro. Talke not of that, but let vs ſtudy now
How we may ſalue it, and conceale the fact.

Anne Mountains will not ſuffice to couer it,
Cymerian darkeneſſe cannot ſhadow it,
Nor any pollicie wit hath in ſtore,
Cloake it ſo cunningly, but at the laſt
If nothing elſe, yet will the very ſtones
That lie within the ſtreetes cry out for vengeance,
And point at vs to be the murderers. *Exeunt*

Enter three Lords, Maiſter Iames, and two Meſſengers with their boxes, one Lord reading a letter.

1 Lo. For God (my Lords) a very bloudy act. *This hath the letter.*
2 Lo. Yea, and committed in eye of Court
Audatiouſly, as who ſhould ſay, he durſt
Attempt a murther in deſpite of Law.
3 Lo. Pray ye lets ſee your letter (good my Lord.)
He takes and rendes the letter.
Tenne wounds at leaſt, and deadly eu'ry wound,
And yet he liues, and tels markes of the man,
Eu'n at the edge of Shooters hill, ſo neare:
1 Lo. We ſhal not need to ſend theſe Meſſengers,
For hew and cry may take the murtherers.

Enter a ſaucie Lord with a Water man and a Page.

4 Lord. Nay ſirra you ſhall tell this tale againe
Before the Lords, come on: my Lords what newes

1 Lord. Bad newes my Lord, A cruel murthers done,
Neere Shooters hill, and here's a letter come
From Woolwich, from a gentleman of worth,
Noting the manner, and the marks of him,
(By likelihoode) that did that impious deede.

4 Lord. 'Tis noyſd at London, that a marchants ſlain,
One maiſter Sanders dwelling neere Lames ſtreete,
And that George Browne, a man whom we all know,
Is vehemently ſuſpected for the fact,
And fled vpon't, and this ſame water man,
That brought me downe ſaies he row'd him vp,
And that his hoſe were bloody, which he hid
Still with his hat ſitting bare head in the boate,
And ſigh'd and ſtar'd as one that was afraide,
How ſaiſt thou ſirra, was't not ſo he did?

Wat. Yes, and 't pleaſe your Lordſhip ſo it was.

Lord. What did he weare?

Water. A doublet of white ſatten,
And a large paire of breeches of blew ſilke.

2 Lord. Was he ſo ſuted when you dranke with him,
Here in the buttrie?

M. Ia. Yea my Lord he was.

3 Lord. And his hoſe bloudie?

M. Ia. Juſt as he affirmes.

3 Lord. Conferre the markes the wounded fellow tells
With theſe reports.

1 Lord. The man that did the deede, reades.
Was faire and fat, his doublet of white ſilke,
His hoſe of blew, I am ſorie for George Browne. lookes off.
'Twas he my Lords.

4 Lord. The more accurſed man,
Get warrants drawne: and meſſengers attend,
Call all your followers, ride out euerie waie,

Poore

Poſte to the Ports, giue charge that no man paſſe
Without our warrant, one take boate to London,
Command the Shcriffes make wiſe and ſpeedie ſearch,
Deſcipher him by al the marks you can,
Let bloud be paid with bloud in any man.
1 Lord We were to blame els: come my lords, lets in,
To ſigne our warrants, and to ſend them out. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Drury, and Roger with a bagge.

Dru. Why Roger, canſt thou get but twentie pound,
Of al the plate that thou hadſt from vs both,
Mine owne's worth twentie, what hadſt thou of hers?
Rog. Two bolles and ſpoones I know not what my ſelfe,
Tis in a note, and I could get no more
But twentie pound. Dru. Alas twil no good.
And he muſt thence, if he be tane he dies,
On his eſcape thou knowſt our ſafetie lies.
Rog. Thats true, alas what wil ye haue me doe?
Dru. Runne to Nan Sanders bid her make ſome ſhift,
Trie al her friends to helpe at this dead lift:
For al the mony that ſhe can deuiſe,
And ſend by thee with al the haſte ſhe may,
Tel her we die if *Browne* make any ſtay.
Rog. I wil I wil. *Exit Roger.*
Dru. Thou wilt, thou wilt, alas!
That ere this diſmal deede was brought to paſſe,
But now tis done, we muſt preuent the worſt. *Enter Browne.*
And here comes he that makes vs al accurſt:
How now George *Browne*?
Bro. Nan Drurie now vndone.
Vndone by that, that thou haſt made me doe.
Dru. I make ye do it? your owne loue made ye do it.
Bro. Wel, done it is, what ſhal we now ſay to't,
Search is made for me, be I tane, I die,
And there are other as farre in as I,
I muſt beyond ſea, money haue I none,
Nor dare I looke for any of mine owne.

Dru. Here's twenty pound I borrowed of my plake,
And to your Miſtris I haue ſent for more *Enter Roger.*
By Hodge my man: now Roger, haſt thou ſped?

Rog. Yea, of fiue pound, tis all that ſhe can make,
She prayes ye take't in worth, and to be gone:
She heares the Shiriffes wil be there anone,
And at our houſe: a thouſand commendations
She ſends you, praying you to ſhift for your ſelfe.

Bro. Euen as I may Roger, farewel to thee,
If I were richer, then thou ſhouldſt go with me,
But pouertie partes company, farewel Nan,
Commend me to my miſtris if you can.

Dru. Step thither your ſelfe, I dare not come there,
Ile kepe my houſe cloſe, for I am in feare.

Ro. God be with you, good Captaine.

Browne Farewel, gentle Hodge,
Oh maſter Sanders, wert thou now aliue,
Al Londons wealth thy death ſhould not contriue!
This heate of loue and haſty climbing brèeds,
God bleſſe all honeſt tall men from ſuch dèedes.

Enter Tragedie afore the ſhew.

Tragedy. Preuailing Sinne hauing by thée degrées,
Made his aſcenſion to forbidden dèedes,
At firſt, alluring their vnwary mindes
To like what ſhe propoſde, then practiſing
To draw them to conſent: and laſt of all
Miniſtring fit meanes and opportunitie
To execute what ſhe approued good:
Now ſhe vnvailes their ſight, and lets them ſée
The horror of their foule immanitie
And wrath that al this while hath bin obſcurde,
Steps forth before them in a thouſand ſhapes
Of gaſtly thoughts, and loathing diſcontents:
So that the reſt was promiſt, now appeares

Vnreſt

Vnreſt, and deepe affliction of the ſoule,
Delight prooues danger, confidence diſpaire,
As by this following ſhew ſhall more appeare.

Enter *Iuſtice* and *Mercy*: when hauing taken their ſeates, *Iuſtice* falls into a ſlumber, then enters wronged *Chaſtitie*, and in dumbe action vttring her griefe to *Mercie*, is put away, whereon ſhe wakens *Iuſtice*, who liſtning her attentiuely, ſtarts vp, commanding his Officers to attend her. Then go they with her, and fetch forth maſter *Sanders* body, miſtris *Sanders*, *Drury*, and *Roger*, led after it, and being ſhewne it, they al ſeeme very ſorrowful, and ſo are led away. But *Chaſtitie* ſhewes that the chiefe offender is not as yet taken, whereon *Iuſtice* diſpatcheth his ſeruant Diligence to make further enquirie after the murderer, and ſo they depart the ſtage with *Chaſtitie*.

Tra. Thus lawles actions and prodigious crimes
Drinke not the bloud alone of them they hate,
But euen their miniſters, when they haue done
All that they can, muſt help to fil the Sceane,
And yeld their guilty neckes vnto the blocke.
For which intent, the wronged Chaſtity
Proſtrate before the ſacred throne of Iuſtice,
With wringing hands, and cheekes beſprent with teares,
Purſues the murtherers. And being heard
Of Mercy firſt, that in relenting wordes,
Would faine perſwade her to humilitie,
She turnes from her: and with her tender hand
Wakes ſlumbering Iuſtice, when her tale being told,
And the dead body brought for inſtance forth,
Strait inquiſition and ſearch is made,
And the offenders as you did behold,
Diſcouered where they thought to be vnſeene.
Then triall now remaines as ſhall conclude,
Meaſure for meaſure, and loſt bloud for bloud.

Enter George Browne, and one Browne a Butcher in Rochester.

But. 'Tis maruell cosen Browne we see you here,
And thus alone without all companie:
You were not wont to visit Rochester,
But you had still some friend or other with you.
Bro. Such is th occasion cosin at this time,
And for the loue I beare you, I am bold
To make my selfe your guest, rather then lie
In any publike Inne: because indeed
The house where I was wont to host, is full
Of certaine Frenchmen and their followers.
But. Nay cosin Browne, I would not haue you thinke
I doe obiect thus much as one unwilling
To shew you any kindnesse that I can,
My house though homely, yet such as it is,
And I my selfe will be at your commaund.
I loue you for your name sake, and trust me sir,
Am proud that such a one as you will call me cosin,
Though I am sure we are no kin at all.
Bro. Yes cosin we are kin; nor do I scorne
At any time to acknowledge as much,
Toward men of baser calling then your selfe.
But. It may be so sir: but to tell you truth,
It seemed somewhat strange to me at first,
And I was halfe afraid some ill had hapned,
That made you carefull whom you trusted to.
Bro. Faith cosin none but this: I owe some mony,
And one I am indebted to of late,
Hath brought his action to an outlawrie.
And seekes to do me all extremitie,
But that I am not yet prouided for him,
And that he shall not haue his will of me,
I do absent me, till a friend of mine
Do see what order he may take with him.

But. How now whoe's this?

Enter maiſter Maior, maſter Iames, with a purſeuant, and others.

Maior. Where are you neighbour *Browne*?

But. Maiſter Maior, y'are welcome, what's the newes ſir
You come ſo guarded, is there aught amiſſe?

Bro. Heauen will haue iuſtice ſhowne, it is euen ſo.

Iames. I can aſſure you tis the man we ſeeke,
Then doe your office maiſter Maior.

Maior. George *Browne*.
I doe arreſt you in her highneſſe name,
For one ſuſpected to haue murdred
George Sanders Citizen of London.

Bro. Of murther ſir? there liues not in this land
Can touch me with the thought of murther.

Maior. Pray God it be ſo: but you muſt along
Before their honors there to anſwer it.
Here's a commiſſion that commands it ſo.

Bro. Well ſir I do obey, and do not doubt
But I ſhall proue me innocent therein.

Iames. Come maiſter Maior, it is the Councels pleaſure,
You muſt aſſiſt vs till we come to Woolwich,
Where we haue order to conferre at large
With maiſter *Barnes* concerning this miſhap.

Maior. Withall my heart, farewell good neighbor *Brown*.

But. God keepe you maiſter Maior, and all the reſt.
And maiſter *Browne* beleeue me I am ſorie
It was your fortune to haue no more grace.

Bro. Coſin grieue not for me, my cauſe is cleare,
Suſpected men may be, but need not feare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn Beane brought in a Chaire, and maſter Barnes, and maſter Iames.

Barnes. Sir how much I eſteeme this Gentleman,
And in how hie reſpect I hold his loue,

My

My griefes can hardly vtter.

M. Iames. It ſhall not nede, your loue after his death expreſſes it.

Barnes. I would to god it could: and I am verie glad,
My Lords of her moſt honourable Councel
Haue made choiſe of your ſelfe, ſo graue a gentleman
To ſee the maner of this cruell murther.

M. Iames. Sir, the moſt vnworthie I of many men,
But that in the hie bountie of your kindnes, ſo you terme me.
But truſt me maiſter Barnes, amongſt the reſt
That was reported to them of the murther,
They hardly were induced to beleeue,
That this poore ſoule hauing ſo many wounds, *Laying his*
And all ſo mortall as they were reported, *hand vpon*
With ſo much loſſe of blood, ſhould poſſibly yet liue: *him.*
Why it is paſt beliefe.

Barnes. Sir it is ſo, your worthie ſelfe can witnes.
As ſtrange to vs that loke vpon the wretch,
As the report thereof vnto their wiſdoms. (rous,

M. Iam: More fearfull wounds, nor hurts more dange-
Vpon my faith I haue not ſeene.

Beane. Hey hoe, a little drinke, oh my head.

Barnes. God Iohn how doeſt thou?

Beane. Whoſe that? father Iohn?

Barnes. Nay Iohn, thy maiſter.

Beane. O Lord my belly.

M. Iam. He ſpends more breath that iſſues through his wounds,
then through his lippes.

Beane. I am drie.

Barnes. Iohn doeſt thou know me?

M. Iam. See where thy maſter is: lok doſt thou know him?

Barns. Sir he neuer had his perfit memorie, ſince the firſt houre

M. Iam. Surely he cannot laſt.

Barnes. And yet ſir to our ſeeming I aſſure you,
He ſat not vp ſo ſtrongly, as you ſee him
Since he was brought into this houſe as now.

M. Iames.

M.Iames. Tis verie ſtrange.

Enter the Maior of Rocheſter, with Browne, and Officers.

Barnes. As I take it, maiſter Maior of Rochcſter.

Maior. The ſame good maſter Barnes.

Barnes. What happie fortune ſent you here to Woolwich: That yet your cõpany may giue vs comfort, in this ſad time?

Maior. Beléeue me ſad in déed, and verie ſad, Sir the Councels warrant lately came to me About the ſearch, for one Captaine George Browne, As it ſhould ſéeme ſuſpected for this murther, Whom in my ſearch I hapt to apprehend. And hearing that the bodies of the murdred Remained here, I thought it requiſite, To make this in my way vnto the Court, Now going thither with the priſoner.

Barnes. Beléeue me ſir ye haue done right good ſeruice, And ſhewne your ſelfe a painfull Gentleman, And ſhall no doubt deſerue well of the ſtate.

M.Iames. No doubt you ſhall, and I durſt aſſure you ſo, The Councel will accept well of the ſame.

Barnes. God maiſter Maior this wretched man of mine, Is not yet dead: loke you where he ſits, But paſt all ſenſe, and labouring to his end.

Maior. Alas poore wretch.

Barnes. Is this that Browne that is ſuſpected to haue done The murther? a goodly man beléeue me: Too faire a creature for ſo fowle an act.

Browne. My name is Browne ſir.

M.Iames. I know you well, your fortunes haue béene Faire, as any Gentlemans of your repute. But Browne, ſhould you be guiltie of this fact, As this your flight hath giuen ſhrewde ſuſpition, Oh Browne, your hands haue done the bloodieſt déed That euer was committed.

Bro. He doth not liue dare charge me with it.
M. Ia. Pray God there be not.
Maior. Sergeants bring him neare: ſee if this poore ſoule know him.
Barnes. It cannot be: theſe two dayes ſpace
He knew no creature.
Bro. Swounds, liues the villaine yet? ——aſide.
O how his very ſight affrights my ſoule!
His very eies will ſpeake had he no tongue,
And will accuſe me.
Barnes. See how his wounds breake out afreſh in bleeding.
M. Ia. He ſtirs himſelfe.
Maior. He openeth his eyes.
Barnes. See how he lookes vpon him.
Bro. I gaue him fifteene wounds, ——aſide
Which now be fifteene mouthes that doe accuſe me,
In euery wound there is a bloudy tongue,
Which will all ſpeake, although he hold his peace,
By a whole Iury I ſhalbe accuſde.
Barnes. Iohn, doſt thou heare? knoweſt thou this man?
Beane. Yea, this is he that murdred me and *He ſinckes*
M. Ia. O hold him vp. (M. Sanders. *downe.*
Maior. Iohn comfort thy ſelfe.
M. Ia. Bow him, giue him ayre.
Barnes. No he is dead.
Bro. Me thinks he is ſo fearefull in my ſight,
That were he now but where I ſaw him laſt,
For all this world I would not looke on him.
Barnes. The wondrous worke of God, that the poore creature, not ſpeaking for two dayes, yet now ſhould ſpeake to accuſe this man, and preſently yeeld vp his ſoule.
M. Ia. Tis very ſtrange, and the report thereof
Can ſeeme no leſſe vnto the Lords.
Maior. Sergeants, away, prepare you for the court,
And I will follow you immediatly.
Barnes. Sure the reuealing of this murther's ſtrange.

M.

M.Ia. It is ſo ſir: but in the caſe of blood,
Gods iuſtice hath bin ſtil myraculous.
Maior. I haue heard it told, that digging vp a graue,
Wherein a man had twenty yeres bin buryed,
By finding of a naile knockt in the ſcalpe,
By due enquirie who was buried there,
The murther yet at length did come to light.
Barnes I haue heard it told, that once a traueller,
Being in the hands of him that murdred him,
Told him, the fearne that then grew in the place,
If nothing elſe, yet that would ſure reueale him:
And ſeuen yeares after, being ſafe in London,
There came a ſprigge of fearne borne by the wind,
Into the rome where as the murtherer was,
At ſight whereof he ſodainely ſtart vp,
And then reueald the murder.
M Ia. Ile tell you (ſir) one more to quite your tale,
A woman that had made away her huſband,
And ſitting to behold a tragedy
At Linne a towne in Norffolke,
Acted by Players trauelling that way,
Wherein a woman that had murthered hers
Was euer haunted with her huſbands ghoſt:
The paſſion written by a feeling pen,
And acted by a good Tragedian,
She was ſo moued with the ſight thereof,
As ſhe cryed out, the Play was made by her,
And openly confeſſt her huſbands murder.
Barnes. How euer theirs, Gods name be praiſde for this:
You M. Maior I ſee muſt to the Court:
I pray you be my duety to the Lords.
Maior. That will I ſir.
M.Ia. Come, Ile go along with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords at the Court, and Meſſengers.

1 Lord. Where was Browne apprehended, Meſſengers?
2 Meſſ. At Rochester (my Lord) in a Butchers houſe

of his owne name, from thence brought vp to Woolwich.

4 Lord. And there the fellow he left for dead with all thoſe wounds affirm'd that it was he.

1 Meſſ. He did my Lord, and with a conſtant voice, prayd God forgiue Browne, and receiue his ſoule, and ſo departed.

1 Lord. 'Tis a wondrous thing,
But that the power of heauen ſuſtained him,
A man with nine or ten ſuch mortal wounds,
Not taking foode ſhould liue ſo many daies,
And then at ſight of Browne recouer ſtrength,
And ſpeake ſo chærely as they ſay he did.

4 Lord. I, and ſome after he auouch'd the fact
Vnto Brownes face then to giue vp the ghoſt.

2 Lord. 'Twas Gods good will it ſhould be ſo my Lord,
But what ſaid Browne, did he denie the dæde?

1 Meſſ. Neuer my Lord, but did with teares lament,
(As ſæmd to vs) his hainous crueltie.

1 Lord. When will they come?

1 Meſſ. Immediately my Lord,
For they haue wind, and tide, and boats do wait.

Enter M. Maior, M. Iames, &c.

M. Iames. My Lordes, the Maior of Rochester is come with Browne. *Exit M. Iames*

4 Lord. Let him come in: you meſſenger,
Haſte you to London to the Iuſtices,
Will them from vs ſee an indictment drawne,
Againſt George Browne for murdring of George Sanders.

1 Lord. Welcome good maſter Maior of Rochester.

Enter Maior, Browne, a Meſſenger, another, and M. Humpheris.

Maior. I humbly thanke your honours.

4 Lord. We thank you,
For your great care and diligence in this,
And many other faithful ſeruices.
Now maiſter Browne, I am ſorie it was your happe,
To be ſo farre from grace and feare of God,

As

As to commit ſo bloudy a murder,
What ſay ye: are ye not ſorie for it?
Browne. Yes my Lord, and were it now to do,
All the worlds wealth could not intice me to't.
1 Lord. Was there any ancient quarrel Browne,
Betwixt your ſelfe and maiſter Sanders?
Browne. No.
2 Lord. Was't for the mony that he had about him?
Browne. No my good Lord I knew of none he had.
4 Lord. No, I heard an inckling of the cauſe,
You did affect his wife (George Brown) too much.
Browne. I did my Lord, and God forgiue it me.
3 Lord. Then ſhe prouok'd ye to diſpatch him.
Browne. No.
4 Lord. Yes, and promiſed you ſhould marrie her.
Browne. No, I wil take it vpon my death.
1 Lord. Some other were confederate in the fact,
Confeſſe then Browne, diſcharge thy conſcience.
Browne. I wil my Lord at hower of my death.
2 Lord. Nay now that they with thee may die for it.

Maiſter Iames deliuers a letter.

4 Lord. From whom is this letter? open and reade it.
M. Iam. From the Sheriffes of London.
4 Lord. I told ye miſtris Sanders hand was in.
The act's confeſſd by two, that ſhe knew on't.
Bro. They do her wrong my Lords vpon my life.
4 Lord. Why Druries wife and Roger do affirme
Vnto her face, that ſhe did giue conſent.
Bro. God pardon them, they wrong the innocent.
They both are guiltie and procurde the deed,
And gaue me mony ſince the deede was done,
Twentie fiue pound to carrie me away,
But miſtris Sanders, as I hope for heauen,
Is guiltleſſe, ignorant how it was done,
But Druries wife did beare me ſtil in hand,
If he were dead ſhe would effect the marriage,

And truſty Roger her baſe apple-ſquire
Haunted me like a ſpright till it was done,
And now like Diuels accuſe that harmleſſe ſoule.
1 Lord Well M. Browne, w'are ſory for your fall,
You were a man reſpected of vs all,
And noted fit for many ſeruices,
And ſie that wanton luſt ſhould ouerthrow
Such gallant parts in any Gentleman:
Now al our fauors cannot do ye good,
The act's to odious to be ſpoken of,
Therefore we muſt diſmiſſe ye to the Law.
4 Lord Expect no life, but meditate of death,
And for the ſafegard of thy ſinful ſoule,
Conceale no part of trueth for friend or foe.
And maiſter Maior, as you haue taken paines,
So finiſh it, and ſee him ſafe conueyd
To the Iuſtices of the Bench at Weſtminſter:
Wil them from vs to try him ſpædily,
That Gentleman ſhal go along with you,
And take in writing his confeſſion.
2 Lo. Farewel George Browne, diſcharge thy conſcience
Bro. I do my Lord, that Sanders wife is clere. *exeunt om.*

Enter ſome to prepare the iudgement ſeat to the Lord Maior, Lo. Iuſtice, and the foure Lords, and one Clearke, and a Shiriff, who being ſet, commaund Browne *to be brought forth.*

1 Off. Come lets make haſte, and wel prepare this place.
2 Off. How well I pray you? what haſte more then was
1 Off. Why diuers lords are come frō court to day, (wont
To ſee th'arraignment of this luſtie Browne.
2. Off. Luſtie? how luſtie? now hees tame enough,
And wilbe tamer. Oh a luſtie youth,
Luſtily fed, and luſtily apparelled,
Luſtie in looke, in gate, in gallant talke,
Luſtie in wooing, in fight and murthring,
And luſtilie hangd, there's th'end of luſtie Browne.

1 Off.

1 Off. Hold your luſtie peace, for here come the Lords.

Enter all as before.

L. Maior. Pleaſe it your honors, place your ſelues my lords

L. Iuſtice. Bring forth the priſoner, and keepe ſilence there, Prepare the Inditement that it may be read.

Browne is brought in.

Cleark. To the barre George Browne, & hold vp thy hand. Thou art here indited by the name of George Browne, late of London Gentleman, for that thou vpon the xvb. day of March in the xv. yeare of the raigne of her ſacred Maieſtie whom God long preſerue, betweene the houres of vii. and viii. of the clocke in the forenoone of the ſame day, neere vnto Shoters hill, in the countie of Kent, lying in wait of purpoſe and pretended malice, hauing no feare of God before thine eies, the perſons of George Sanders Gentleman, and Iohn Bean yeoman, then and there iourneying in Gods peace and the princes, felonioufly did aſſault, and with one ſword, price fiue ſhillings, mortally and wilfully, in many places didſt wound vnto the death againſt the peace, crown and dignitie of her maieſtie. How ſaieſt thou to theſe felonious murders, art thou guiltie or not guiltie?

Bro. Guiltie.

Lo. Iuſt. The Lord haue mercie vpon thee.

Maiſter Shiriff ye ſhal not need to returne any Iury to paſſe vpon him, for he hath pleaded guiltie, and ſtands conuict at the barre attending his iudgement. What canſt thou ſay for thy ſelfe Browne, why ſentence of death ſhould not bee pronounced againſt thee?

Bro. Nothing my Lord, but onely do beſeech,
Thoſe noble men aſſiſtants on that bench,
And you my Lord who are to iuſtice ſworne,
As you will anſwere at Gods iudgement ſeat,
To haue a care to ſaue the innocent,
And (as my ſelfe) to let the guiltie die,
That's Druries wife, and her man truſtie Roger:

But

But if Anne Sanders die, I do protest
As a man dead in law, that she shall haue
The greatest wrong that ere had guiltlesse soule.
Lo. Iust. She shal haue iustice, and with fauor, Browne
4 Lo. Assure your selfe (Browne) she shal haue no wrong.
Bro. I humbly thanke your Lordships.
2 Lo. Yearke ye Browne,
What countryman are ye borne?
Bro. Of Ireland, and in Dublin.
Lo. Iust. Haue you not a brother calld Anthony Browne?
Bro. Yes my Lord, whome (as I heare)
Your Lordship keepes close prisoner now in Newgate.
Lo. Iust. Wel, two bad brothers, God forgiue ye both.
Bro. Amen my Lord, and you, and al the world.
Lo. Iust. Attend your sentence.
Bro. Presently my Lord:
But I haue one petition first to make
Vnto those Noble men, which on my knées
I do beseech them may not be denyed.
4 Lo. What ist George *Browne*?
Browne. I know the Law
Condemnes a murtherer to be hangd in chaines,
O good my Lords, as you are Noble men
Let me be buried so soone as I am dead.
1 Lo. Thou shalt, thou shalt, let not that trouble thée,
But heare thy iudgement.
Lo. Iust. *Browne*, thou art here by Law condemnd to die,
Which by thine owne confession thou deseru'st.
Al men must die, although by diuers meanes,
The maner how is of least moment, but
The matter why, condemns or iustifies:
But be of comfort, though the world condemne,
Yea, though thy conscience sting thée for thy fact,
Yet God is greater than thy conscience,
And he can saue whom al the world condemnes,
If true repentance turne thée to his grace.

Thy

Thy time is ſhort, therefore ſpend this thy time
In praier and contemplation of thy end,
Labour to die better then thou haſt liu'd,
God grant thou maiſt. Attend thy iudgement now:
Thou muſt go from hence to the place frō whence thou camſt
From thence to th'appointed place of execution,
And there be hangd vntill thou be dead,
And thy bodie after at the princes pleaſure:
And ſo the Lord haue mercie vpon thee Browne.
Maiſter Shiriff, ſee execution, and now take him hence,
And bring thoſe other priſoners that you haue.

Bro. My Lords forget not my petitions,
Saue poore Anne Sanders for ſhees innocent:
And god my Lords let me not hang in Chaines.

Browne is led out, and Anne Sanders, and Drurie brought in.

4 Lor. Farewel, let none of theſe things trouble thee.

1 Lor. See how he labors to acquit Anne Sanders.

4 Lor. What hath his brother that is in Newgate done?

Lo. Iuſt. Notorious felonies in Yorkeſhire my Lord,
Here come the priſoners: bring them to the barre:
Read their inditement: maiſter Shiriffe prepare
Your Iurie readie: command ſilence there.

Anne Sanders hath a white Roſe in her boſome.

Cleark. Anne Sanders, and Anne Drurie,
To the barre and hold vp your hands.
You are here ioyntly & ſeuerally indited in forme following, vz. that you Anne Sanders, and Anne Drurie, late of London Spinſters, & thou Roger Clement, late of the ſame yeoman, and euerie of you ioyntly and ſeuerally, before and after the 11th. day of March laſt paſt, in the 30. yeare of the reigne of her ſacred Maieſtie, whom God long preſerue, hauing not the fear of God before your eies, did maliciouſly conſpire and conclude with one George Brown Gent. the death of George Sanders, late husband to you Anne Sanders, and did intice, animate and procure the ſaid George Browne to murder the

ſaid maiſter Sanders: And alſo after the ſaid heinous murther committed, did with mony and other means, aid relæue, and abet the ſaid Browne, knowing him to haue done the dæde, whereby you are all acceſſaries both before and after the fact contrarie to the peace, crowne, and dignitie of our ſoueraigne Lady the Quéene: how ſay ye ſeuerally, Are ye guiltie, or not guiltie, as acceſſaries both before and after to this felonie and murther?

Anne. Not guiltie.

Drew. Not guiltie.

Clerk. How wil ye be tried?

Both. By God and by the Countrey.

Lo. Iuſt. Bring forth truſtie Roger there,
Roger what ſaiſt thou to this letter?
Who gaue it thée to carrie vnto Browne?

Rog. My miſtris gaue it me,
And ſhe did write it on our Ladies Eue.

L. Iuſt. Did miſtris Sanders know thereof or no?

Rog. She read it twiſe before the ſame was ſeald

Anne. Did I thou wicked man?
This man is hirde to betray my life.

2 Lord. Fie miſtris Sanders, you doe not wel,
To vſe ſuch ſpeeches, when ye ſée the caſe
Is ſo to manifeſt. But I pray ye,
Why do you weare that white roſe in your boſome?

Anne. In token of my ſpotleſſe innocence,
As frée from guilt as is this flower from ſtaine.

2. Lord. I feare it wil not fal out ſo.

L. Iuſt. Roger what mony carried you to Browne,
After the dæde to get him gone withall?

Roger. Twentie fiue pounds, which coine was borowed
Parte of my miſtris plate, and ſome of miſtris Sanders.

L. Iuſt. How ſay ye to that miſtris Sanders?

Anne. Indæde I grant I miſſe ſome of my plate,
And now am glad I know the thæfe that ſtole it.

Roger. O God forgiue ye, you did giue it me.

And

And God forgiue me, I did loue you al,
Too wel, which now I dearely anſwer for.
1 Lord. Anne Drurie, what ſay you, was not the plate,
Part of it yours, and the reſt miſtris Sanders,
According as your man hath here confeſſde,
With which ſhe borrowed twentie pound for Browne?
Dru. My Lord it was.
2 Lord. And you and ſhe together,
Were priuie of the letter which was ſent.
Was it ſo or no? why do you not ſpeake?
Dru. It was my Lord, and miſtris Sanders knew,
That Roger came the morning ere he went,
And had a token from her to George Browne,
A handkercher, which after was ſent backe,
Imbrude in Sanders bloud.
L. Iuſtice. Who brought that handkerchere?
Dru. That did my man.
1 Lo. To whom did you deliuer it ſirra?
Rog. To miſtris Sanders at her houſe my Lord.
Anne. O God (my Lords) he openly belies me.
I kept my childbed chamber at that time,
Where t'was not meete that he or any man
Should haue acceſſe.
L. Iuſt. Go to, clog not your ſoule,
With new additions of more hainous ſinne.
'Tis thought, beſide conſpiring of his death,
You wrongd your husband with vnchaſte behauiour,
For which the iuſtice of the righteous God,
Meaning to ſtrike you, yet reſerues a place,
Of gracious mercie, if you can repent,
And therefore bring your wickednes to light,
That ſuffering for it in this world, you might,
Vpon your heartie ſorrow be ſet free,
And feare no further iudgement in the next,
But if you ſpurne at his affliction,
And beare his chaſtiſement with grudging minds,

Your precious ſoule as wel as here your bodies,
Are left in hazard of eternal death,
Be ſorrie therefore, tis no pettie ſinne,
But murder moſt vnnatural of al,
Wherewith your hands are tainted, and in which,
Before and after the accurſed fact,
You ſtand as acceſſarie: to be briefe,
You ſhal be carried backe vnto the place,
From whence you came, and ſo from thence at laſt,
Vnto the place of execution, where
You ſhal al three be hang'd til you be dead,
And ſo the Lord haue mercie on your ſoules.

Anne. Ah good my Lords be good vnto Anne Sanders,
Or els you caſt away an innocent.

2 Lord. It ſhould not ſeeme ſo by the roſe you weare,
His colour now is of another hue.

Anne. So you wil haue it: but my ſoule is ſtil,
As free from murther as it was at firſt.

Lo. Iuſt. I think no leſſe, Jailer, away with them.

Anne. Wel wel Anne Drury I may curſe the time,
That ere I ſaw thee, thou broughtſt me to this.

Rog. I will not curſe, but God forgiue ye both,
For had I neuer knowne nor you nor her,
I had not come vnto this ſhameful death. *Exeunt.*

Enter maiſter Browne to execution with the Sheriffe and Officers.

Browne. Why do you ſtay me, in the waie of death,
The peoples eies haue fed them with my ſight,
The little babies in the mothers armes,
Haue wept for thoſe poore babies ſeeing me,
That I by my murther have left fatherleſſe,
And ſhrieckt and ſtarted when I came along,
And ſadly ſigh'd, as when their nurſes vſe
To fright them with ſome monſter when they crie.

Sheriffe. You haue a brother Browne, that for a murther

Is lately here committed vnto Newgate,
And hath obtained he may ſpeake with you.
Browne. Haue I a brother, that hath done the like?
Is there another Browne hath kild a Sanders?
It is my other ſelfe hath done the deede,
I am a thouſand, euery murtherer is my owne ſelfe,
I am at one time in a thouſand places,
And I haue ſlaine a thouſand Sanderſes,
In euery ſhire, [illegible], and each towne,
George Sanders till is murthered by George Browne.

Brownes brother is brought forth.

Brow.bro. Brother. Brow. Doſt thou meane me?
Is there a man wil call me brother?
Brownes bro. Yes I wil cal thee ſo, and may do it,
That haue a hand as deepe in bloud as thou.
Brown. Brother I know thee well, of whence was thine?
Brother. Of Yorke he was.
Browne. Sanders of London mine.
Then ſee I wel Englands two greateſt townes.
Both fild with murders done by both the Brownes.
Brother. Then may I rightly chalenge thee a brother.
Thou ſlewſt one in the one, I one in th'other.
Browne. When didſt thou thine?
Brother. A month or fiue weekes paſt.
Browne. Hardly to ſay then which was done the laſt,
Where ſhalt thou ſuffer?
Brother. Where I did the fact,
Browne. And I here brother where I laid my act:
Then I ſee wel that be it nere or further,
That heauen wil ſtil take due reuenge on murther.
Brother. Brother farewel, I ſee we both muſt die,
At London you this weeke, next at Yorke I.
Browne. Two luckleſſe brothers ſent both at one howre,
The one from Newgate, thother from the Tower. *Exit Brot.*
Sheriffe. Browne: yet at laſt to ſatiſfie the world,
And for a true and certaine teſtimonie,

Of thy repentance for this deed committed.
Now at the houre of death, as thou doeſt hope
To haue thy ſinnes forgiuen at Gods hands,
Freely confeſſe what yet vnto this houre,
Againſt thy conſcience (Browne) thou haſt concealde,
Anne Sanders knowledge of her husbands death.
Bro. Haue I not made a couenant with her, *Aſide.*
That for the loue that I euer bare to her,
I will not ſell her life by my confeſſion,
And ſhall I now confeſſe it: I am a villaine.
I will neuer do it: Shall it be ſaid Browne prou'd
A recreant: (and yet I haue a ſoule.)
Well, God the reſt reueale:
I will confeſſe my ſinnes, but this conceale.
Vpon my death ſhées guiltleſſe of the fact.
Well, much ado I had to bring it out, *Aſide.*
My conſcience ſcarce would let me vtter it,
I am glad tis paſt.
Shiriff. But Browne, it is confeſt by Druries wife,
That ſhe is guiltie: which doth fully proue
Thou haſt no true contrition, but concealſt
Her wickednes, the bawd vnto her ſinne.
Bro. Let her confeſſe what ſhe thinkes good:
Trouble me no more good maſter Shiriff.
Shiriff. Browne, thy ſoule knowes.
Bro. Yea, yea, it does: pray you be quiet ſir:
Vile world how like a monſter come I ſoyld from thée:
How haue I wallowed in thy lothſome filth,
Drunke and beſmeard with al thy beſtial ſinne:
I neuer ſpake of God, vnleſſe when I
Haue blaſphemed his name with monſtrous oathes:
I neuer read the ſcriptures in my life,
But did eſteeme them worſe then vanitie:
I neuer came in Church where God was taught,
Nor euer to the comfort of my ſoule
Toke benefite of Sacrament or Baptiſme:

The Sabboth dayes I ſpent in common ſtewes,
Unthriftie gaming, and vile periuries:
I held no man once worthie to be ſpoke of
That went not in ſome ſtrange diſguiſde attire,
Or had not fetcht ſome vile monſtrous faſhion,
To bring in odious deteſtable pride:
I hated any man that did not doe
Some damned or ſome hated filthie deede,
That had beene death for vertuous men to heare,
Of all the worſt that liue, I was the worſt,
Of all the curſed, I the moſt accurſed,
All careleſſe men be warned by my end,
And by my fall your wicked liues amend. *He leapes off.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. It is the Councels pleaſure maiſter Shiriff,
The bodie be conuaide to Shoters hill,
And there hung vp in Chaines.
Shiriff. It ſhal be done.

Enter maſter Iames with the Miniſter.

M. Iam. Why, then you are perſwaded certainly,
That miſtres Sanders is mere innocent?
Min. That am I ſir, euen in my verie ſoule,
Compare but all the likelihoodes thereof,
Firſt hir moſt firme deniall of the fact,
Next miſtres Druries flat confeſſion,
That onely ſhe and Roger did contriue
The death of maiſter Sanders: then your ſelfe
Cannot but be of mine opinion.
M. Iam. Then al you labour for,
Is that I ſhould procure her pardon.
Min. To ſaue an innocent,
Is the moſt Chriſtian worke that man can do.
Beſide, if you performe it ſir, ſound recompence,
Shal quit your paines ſo well imployed herein.

M. Iam.

M.Ia. Now let me tell ye, that I am aſhamde,
A man of your profeſſion ſhould appeare
So far from grace, and touch of conſcience,
As making no reſpect of his owne ſoule,
He ſhould with ſuch audaciouſnes preſume
To baffle Juſtice, and abuſe the ſeate,
With your fond ouer-weening and ſlie fetch.
Thinke you the world diſcerneth not your drift?
Do not I know, that if you could prevaile,
By this far fetcht inſinuation,
And miſtris Sanders pardon thus obtainde,
That your intent is then to marry her?
And thus you haue abuſed her poore ſoule,
In truſting to ſo weake and vaine a hope.
Well ſir, ſince you haue ſo forgot your ſelfe,
And (chameleſſe) bluſh not at ſo bold offence:
Upon their day of execution,
And at the ſelfe ſame place, vpon a pillorie,
There ſhall you ſtand, that al the world may ſée,
A iuſt deſert for ſuch impietie.

Min. God ſir heare me.

M.Ia. I wil not heare thée, come and get thée hence,
For ſuch a fault, to meane a recompence. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Carpenters vnder Newgate.

Will. Tom Peart my old companion? well met.

Tom. God morrow Wil Crow, god morrow, how doſt? I haue not ſéene thée a great while.

Will. Wel I thank God, how doſt thou? where haſt thou bin this morning ſo early?

Tom. Faith I haue bin vp euer ſince three a clocke.

Will. About what man?

Tom. Why to make worke for the hangman: I and an other haue bin ſetting vp a gallowes.

Will. O for miſtris Drewry, muſt ſhe die to day?

Tom. May I know not that, but when ſhe does, I am ſure

ſure there is a gallowes big enough to hold them both.

Will. Both whom? her man and her.

Tom. Her man and her, and miſtris Sanders too, tis a ſwinger yfayth. But come Ile giue thee a pot this morning, for I promiſe thee I am paſſing drie after my worke.

Will. Content Tom, and I haue another for thee, and afterward Ile go ſee the execution.

Tom. Do as thou wilt for that.

Will. But doſt thou thinke it will be to day?

Tom. I cannot tell, Smithfield is full of people, and the Shiriffes man that ſet vs a worke told vs it would be to day. But come ſhall we haue this Beere?

Will. With a good will, leade the way.

Exeunt.

Enter Anne Sanders and her keeper following her.

Keeper. Cal'd you miſtres Sanders?

Anne. Keeper I did:
I prethee fetch vp miſtres Drurie to me,
I haue a great deſire to talke with her.

Keeper. She ſhall be brought vnto you preſently.

Exit.

Anne. Oh God, as I was ſtanding at a grate,
That lookes into the ſtreete, I heard men talke,
The execution ſhould be done to day,
And what a paire of Gallowes were ſet vp,
Both ſtrong and big enough to hold vs all:
Which words haue ſtrucke ſuch terror to my ſoule,
As I cannot be quiet till I know
Whether Nan Drurie be reſolued ſtill
To cleare me of the murder as ſhe promiſt,
And here ſhe comes: I prethee gentle Keeper,
Giue vs a little leaue we may conferre
Of things that nearly do concerne our ſoules.

Keep. With al my hart, take time & ſcope enough. *Exit.*

Dru. Now miſtris Sanders, whats your wil with me?

Anne. Oh miſtris Drury, now the houre is come
To put your loue vnto the touch, to try
If it be currant, or but counterfait.
This day it is appoynted we muſt die,
How ſay you then, are you ſtil purpoſed
To take the murder vpon your ſelfe?
Or wil you now recant your former wordes?

Dru. Anne Sanders, Anne, tis time to turne the leafe,
And leaue diſſembling, being ſo nære my death,
The like I would aduiſe your ſelfe to do.
We haue bin both notorious vile tranſgreſſors,
And this is not the way to get remiſſion,
By ioyning ſinne to ſinne, nor both t agræ
With godly chriſtians, but with reprobates,
And ſuch as haue no taſte of any grace,
And therefore (for my part) Ile clære my conſcience,
And make the truth apparant to the world.

Anne. Will you proue then inconſtant to your friend?

Dru. Should I, to purchaſe ſafety for another,
Or lengthen out anothers temporall life,
Hazard mine owne ſoule euerlaſtingly,
And loſe the endleſſe ioyes of heauen,
Preparde for ſuch as wil confeſſe their ſinnes?
No miſtris Sanders, yet there s time of grace,
And yet we may obtaine forgiuenes,
If we wil ſeeke it at our Sauiours hands.
But if we wilfully ſhut vp our hearts
Againſt the holy ſpirit that knockes for entrance
It is not this worlds puniſhment ſhal ſerue,
Nor death of body, but our ſoules ſhal liue
In endleſſe torments of vnquenched fire.

Anne. Your wordes amaze me, and although ile vow
I neuer had intention to confeſſe
My hainous ſinne, that ſo I might eſcape

The

The worlds reproach, yet God I giue him thanks
Euen at this inſtant I am ſtrangely changed,
And wil no longer driue repentance off,
Nor cloake my guiltineſſe before the world:
And in good time ſee where the Doctor commes,
By whome I haue bin ſeriouſly inſtructed.

Doct. God morrow miſtris Sanders, and ſoules health
Vnto you both: prepare your ſelues for death,
The houre is nowe at hand, and miſtris Sanders,
At length acknowledge and confeſſe your fault,
That God may be propitioner to your ſoule.

Anne. Right reuerend ſir, not to delude the world,
Nor longer to abuſe your patience,
Here I confeſſe I am a grieuous ſinner,
And haue prouok't the heauy wrath of God,
Not onely by conſenting to the death
Of my late huſband, but by wicked luſt,
And wilfull ſinne, denying of the fault:
But now I do repent and hate my ſelfe,
Thinking the puniſhment preparde for me,
Not halfe ſeuere enough for my deſerts.

Doct. Done like a chriſtian and the childe of grace,
Pleaſing to God, to angels, and to men,
And doubt not but your ſoule ſhall finde a place
In Abrahams boſome, though your body periſh.
And miſtris Drewry, ſhrinke not from your faith,
But valiantly prepare to drinke this cup
Of ſower affliction, twill raiſe vp to you
A crowne of glory in another world.

Dru. God 'ild Doctor, I am bound to you,
My ſoule was ignorant, blind, and almoſt choak't
With this worlds vanities, but by your councell,
I am as well reſolu'd to goe to death,
As if I were inuited to a banquet:
Nay ſuch aſſurance haue I in the bloud
Of him that died for me, as neither fire,

Sword nor torment could retaine me from him.
Doctor. Spoke like a champion of the holy Crosse.
Now mistris Sanders, let me tell to you:
Your children hearing this day was the last
They should behold their mother on the earth,
Are come to haue your blessing ere you dye,
And take their sorrowful farewel of you:
Anne. A sorrowfull farewel t'wil be indéede
To them (poore wretches) whom I haue depriude,
Of both the natural succours of their youth:
But call them in, and gentle Kéeper, bring me
Those bookes that lie within my chamber window.
Oh maister Doctor, were my breast transparent,
That what is figurde there, might be perceiu'd,
Now should you sée the very image of poore
And tottred ruines, and a slaine conscience:
Here here they come beblind mine eyes with teares,
And soule and body now insunder part.
All. Oh mother, mother.
Anne. Oh my deare children!
I am vnworthy of the name of Mother.
All. Turne not your face from vs, but ere you die,
Giue vs your blessing.
Anne. Knéele not vnto me,
Tis I that haue deseru'd to knéele to you.
My trespas hath bereft you of a father,
A louing father, a kinde careful father,
And by that selfe same action, that foule déede
Your mother likewise is to go from you,
Leauing you (poore soules) by her offence,
A corasie and a scandall to the world.
But could my husband and your father heare me,
Thus humbly at his fœte would I fal downe,
And plentifull in teares bewayle my fault.
Mercy I aske of God, of him, and you,
And of his kinred which I haue abuide,

And

And of my friends and kinred whereſoeuer,
Of whom I am aſhamed and abaſht,
And of al men and women in the world,
Whome by my ſoule example I haue griеu'd,
Though I deſerue no pity at their hands,
Yet I beſeech them all to pardon me,
And God I thanke that hath found out my ſin,
And brought me to affliction in this world,
Thereby to ſaue me in the world to come.
Oh children learne, learne by your mothers fall
To follow vertue, and beware of ſinne,
Whoſe baites are ſweete and pleaſing to the eie,
But being tainted, more infect than poyſon,
And are farre bitterer than gall it ſelfe,
And liue in layes where you haue wealth at will,
As once I had, and are well matcht beſide:
Content your ſelues, and ſurfet not on pride.

Enter Sheriffe bringing in Trusty Roger with holberds.

Sheriffe. What M. Doctor, haue you made an end?
The morning is far ſpent, tis time to go.
Doct. Euen when you wil, M. ſheriffe, we are ready.
Anne. Behold (my children,) I wil not bequeath,
Or gold or ſiluer to you, you are left
Sufficiently prouided in that point,
But here I giue to each of you a booke
Of holy meditations, Bradfords workes,
That vertuous choſen ſeruant of the Lord,
Therein you ſhalbe richer than with gold,
Safer than in faire buildings: happyer
Than al the pleaſures of this world can make you.
Sleepe not without them when you go to bed,
And riſe a mornings with them in your hands.
So God ſend downe his bleſſing on you al:
Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.

She kisses them one after another.

Nay stay not to disturbe me with your teares,
The time is come sweete hearts, and we must part,
That way go you, this way my heauie heart. *Exeunt.*

Tragedie enters to conclude.

Tra. Here are the launces that haue sinic'd forth sinne,
And ript the venom'd vlcer of feale lust,
Which being by due vengeance qualified,
Here Tragedie of force must needes conclude.
Perhaps it may seeme strange vnto you al,
That one hath not reuengde anothers death,
After the obseruation of such course:
The reason is, that now of truth I sing,
And should I adde, or else diminish aught,
Many of these spectators then could say,
I haue committed error in my play.
Beare with this true and home-borne Tragedie,
Yeelding so slender argument and scope,
To build a matter of importance on,
And in such forme as happly you expected.
What now hath faild, to morrow you shall see,
Perform'd by Hystorie or Comedie. *Exit.*

FINIS.